The Sun Made Me Sneeze

An Autobiography by Jon D Gemma

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DEDICATION

“Just yesterday morning, they let me know you were gone.

Suzanne, the plans they made put an end to you.

I walked out this morning and I wrote down this song,

I just can't remember who to send it to.”

~ James Taylor ~

To my old English Professor

Robyn Younkin

MONAD

An Age of Innocence

[Inscription above Plato's Academy:]

Let no one ignorant of geometry enter here.

~ Plato ~

I imagine I learned the definition of insanity by becoming a published author. I wrote autobiographical material over and over again. In fact, I lived most of my life in theory alone without embracing what love might be if I knew love at all. In the beginning there was joy that turned to the horror of what the world can do to people. Writing a book is like staring down the devil himself in the mirror of my own eyes in a room full of mirrors. I have no one else to blame for being alone with my memories of what might have been. If I had only been conscious of what I was doing with my life in the course of infinite recursion. I was the stranger that even I never understood. I never got to the root of things. What is the universe, and why did the universe happen? What is my role in all of this, and what is life itself? Am I nothing but the physic energy of the human mind in a bizarre language of symbols in the schematic of a well designed and meaningful coincidence? Why did I Inherit a collective unconscious in the genetics of my parents? Why did I elaborate on it with new archetypes, such as aliens? Why did I consciously evolve the future of my mind to question the intelligent design of its origin? Was there a reason? Am I supposed to do something significant other than evolve my sense of who I am? Am I simply the unknown soldier in the corridor of death and its magnificent door to peer beyond the curtain of perception? Do I simply evolve my senses to make noumena phenomena, and why do I perceive? Why do I act as if there is a God if I never know God? Why don't I simply sleep with each of all successions when I am gripping to the very last? Do I simply succumb to the absurd? Is it too late? Is there a right thing, or a left thing? Why do I need a map of reality when I'm going nowhere but here? Mindfulness is everything at once in the

space time continuum. That is where I receive the vision.

As a writer I attempted to recall my life in memory. I have an excellent memory that does not forgive and forget anything about my past. I punish myself to death, and I beat myself up for what I did to the universe. The last thought that goes through my mind before I die is a Zeppelin of all humanity in anguished cry, “Look at what you did to the universe!” Indeed, I questioned the universe itself. Did it even happen? I lost my memories to my dreams. I began to draw upon the fantasies of my reoccurring dreams in the hopes of dreaming of a different life. It is said it is dangerous to trust one's own memory, unless of course you bring a camera and photo shop something that you can not trust. All reality is under investigation. Am I real, or am I an aspect of a universe that never happened? Of course, I possessed the treasures of Atlantis where no man dared venture. It is the city of legends that never existed; just like the legend of my life. But in the sunken abyss of what inspired my rainbow of reason to rise, I could write The New York Time’s Best Seller. I had the passion to dig the tunnel in an M.C. Escher drawing with the influence of Salvador Dali that melts the laws of physics into psychosis. High levels of psychotic personality traits keep me laughing at my own divine comedy even if it is not funny.

They said I was a good person, but I was funny. I was clinically funny. I was funny in the worst way. My expressions never seemed to coincide with reality, or reality as people define it. Am I a person? Am I a futant? Am I an unperson? My God, am I all alone? Futants think about the future, but where is our past? Is the future leading us to

discover the origin of thought that we might see all ends from the beginning, or what might be a new beginning? I ask questions like Socrates.

As Socrates once said, “I cannot teach anybody anything. I can only make them think.“

I used to care what people thought of me, but I can only make people think. I will tell you about my life, not to teach you something, but to make you question my sanity. I might be the sanest person to walk the face of the earth in the same discipline of Immanual Kant and his Critique Of Pure Reason. He was a solitary philosopher that never had time for a wife. Philosophy is so much better than marriage and children. I will act as if there is a God, and I will ask God to help me. I will critique myself for your amusement if I can reason myself out of the box. Is this the eternal death? Neither dying, nor becoming manifest? I'm curious like the cat in Schrodinger's box. Will you dissect me with an MRI? Will you create an MRI to dissect my dreams? I would never have to stand up for what I believe about the future if we both had an objective camera of what I dream. The camera doesn't lie unless it is photo shopped. You might see something that I can not translate with the limits of my knowledge.

As a writer I thought I could make people understand my life story and my memories. I thought people would have a clear view and understanding, but people treated me like the boy who cried wolf. In fact, most people didn't care. I was something to laugh at, and something to call stupid. I say I was something rather than saying I was

a person. Only God knows what a person is, if of course you act as if there is a God. I was more of a monkey that simply amused people even if I thought people might think I was human. It was a dehumanizing process to realize I was the victim of my own name, or the many names I created in the lion's den of the critics. I was just like a modern day gladiator being eaten alive in a stadium full of people that found my pain amusing.

I don't know what it is, but pain is something that comedians make a living out of. Everyone is a comedian. Even good people think pain is funny. This is especially true if your pain is young, or people can not relate to someone who is weird in social settings. If it is something you do to yourself then they say you deserve it, and they don't care what is at the root of it. If you don't understand why I might build a religion around my dog you probably don't relate to my pain. And I am guilty as well when it comes to laughter. I am a hypocrite just like everyone else. I'm a good person. We all have something in common.

In some ways I was able to write about myself with the lucidity of angels that danced upon each sentence that I constructed. I had poetry that I understood as being so abstract it was simply art that made people question why it was so obtuse. What I thought was genius was too difficult to understand. I understood myself as I wrote it, but I could not explain it. I was thinking with my right brain, and I was trying to explain things with my left brain. Things made no sense even when I look back on it. I lived the solitary life of the hermit. I enjoyed the grail as a writer if I could make my thoughts comprehensible. My thinking

was so eccentric and full of metaphors. There was the intoxication of serving my own illusion of lights. I had visions of grandeur that come upon the earth to visit no one but me, and I could not translate them. I was a right brain thinker with too many images from the fourth dimension when I only worked with three dimension art. How do you write about art? I wanted to be creative. I wanted my life to read like poetry, but it read like vomit from *Lothar and The Hill People* on *Saturday Night Live.*

That is what happens when I walk with a woman. I get my fifteen minutes of fame with Yahweh and then I need an exorcist in years of psychotherapy with another woman who makes me vomit. Then I start to support Hillary, and then I start to talk about doilies over a cup of tea. Not normal doilies, but cosmic doilies. Then I can't wait to see women drafted in the *NFL* and emasculate me while I sit on the sidelines because I'm truly not interested without Viagra. I loved them once. I've had them before, but I never wanted to keep them. I called myself complete.

I think I was twenty-five when I first began writing about the reality of my life in the solitude of my own island as a reclusive individual. I wrote and published four books that have been forms of regressive therapy into the womb of the abyss. I wrote The Other Side Of Sight, I've Been Here My Entire Life, An Alien To Existence, and The Creature Of The Wildcard. I made confessions to the world, as if the world cares. They simply punish you for telling the truth, and they make you pay dearly for your mistakes. I should own up to my failures if only to evolve

upon them. Upon further examination of each book I lost touch with what I remembered as factual information.

My real life, and my family life, seemed to be confused by mixing everyday reality with the supernatural. My writing became autistic. Originally, my work was simply supposed to tell a surreal story, but it ended up serving my Aunt Diane's vision of a God with a colossal sense of humor. Diane had the mind of a child that I thought might know God, and I was still a child when I came to her. I was Edgar Allen Poe. I was a brilliant mind that had yet to reach puberty. If there is a God he laughs out loud through the obscene giggle of a woman. He is a God that laughs at no one but me. My Aunt, on my mother's side, was my editor. I turned to her because I thought I could trust her with my story. I thought I could trust in God as well, but my families version of God was the punisher. Eventually I simply turned to my inner world. I decided not to serve the needs of anyone, but my own egocentricity. I closed the door on myself as I alienated in life, as if life is truly about me. In retrospect, my family proved the existence of Santa Claus. I proved the existence of their disappointment in me. Do I have someone else to blame? I can blame it on the universe to the bitter end. It is a friend that won't betray. It is a friend that never happened. In the ultimate reality of the Kantian noumenal all phenomenon might be an illusion.

I did believe my memories, like objects of clay, might be associated with my dreams to model my own David in the genius of my own image. If I could be Michelangelo, I could create an image of alternity in an alternate universe. I remembered dreams like memories, and I

remembered memories like dreams. I blurred the lines between fantasy and reality, or perhaps I erased the line that created the horizon. Did I catch the horizon, or was there ever a line? My own image whispered with the accelerating hum of my hard drive as the recorded psyche of my entire existence in dreams and memories. I might have been a digital masterpiece of virtual reality in the *modified DeLorean* of my own word processor. I was a genius with my metaphors if I did not confuse the reader with too many wild images. Being more conservative and understanding of the reader's needs might have made me appear less pretentious as a published author and artist. I used big words. I used words like preposterous to define the planet of Elephant people. There was a planet out there that I imagined. It became real as any memory. If I could only recall it as reality I could visit such a world in my astral travels. Real as any house of infinite recursion where I have amnesia and deja vu at the same time. I think I've forgotten this before, and I remember as I do it again. Those who do not remember the past are doomed to repeat it. Lucky for me, I inherited the entire database of human existence, not simply through the genetic code of my parents, but in the collective contributions of mankind in recorded history. I shall not repeat the same thought over and over again, but I shall create new archetypes that can be incorporated into human existence. I will have an original thought. I will remember something that does not yet exist. I will remember something that happens tomorrow as I look towards the origin of the universe, if of course, the universe even happened.

The discovery of our origin might lead to the implosion of all

existing things, including nothing. That is if nothing is, or is not, real. There is always something, including nothing. The universe can not be a *Seinfeld episode*, or a show about nothing. Is there any soup for me? I want some soup for the soul in a world that has no soul. Is it all nonsense, or do the pieces of the puzzle make a big picture? What is the self behind the self? What is motivating me to answer my own questions? They say it is okay to talk to yourself as long as you do not answer yourself. I say there is no reason to talk to yourself unless you answer yourself. We have all of the answers inside of us. It is that little voice. That little voice of reason in the madhouse of voices.

When I try to read a book I get distracted by the voices, but then there is a voice that speaks clearly. It simply says, "Drink me like Alice in Wonderland." Drink me like mindfulness, and get intoxicated by the words. I receive the entire book in a vision. The books I love to read truly come to me by suggestion from someone who knows more about me than I do. It is the insight that I look for in people. Hindsight is 20/20, but memory is nothing but a hard drive of useless information without the imagination to make use of it. You simply remember things without evolving upon them. A memory is better used in a dream where dreams solve the problems of infinite recursion in a *Monolith*. Dreams present abstract increments in the evolution of species by creating a *Monolith* like the one in the movie *2001 a Space Odyssey*. There is nothing, but a fictional object that does not yet exist.

Using the metaphysical language of my more poetic nature made changing the past and revising reality an easy task to accomplish. I

could change the way I remembered things if I looked back with a positive attitude and approach to changing the way I acted according to what I remembered. I could also complicate the simple. I could change the smallest measurement of every atom in the space time continuum to create a ripple effect that changed all possible words in every possible plank time. I was good at making myself appear the genius that confused my reader into believing I was more than a simpleton. I was more than a trickster in a Native American book about my Blackfoot Elders. I was more than a clown in a movie about *The Good Fellows*. I could take them for a ride. In the solitary life of coloring the cosmos, I was Einstein reanimated. Somehow the metaphysical music moved me in the high and low sea saw of *The Moody Blues*. In the myth of my own ferocious imagination that humbled to the limitations of my knowledge I stuttered the eloquent equation of my original inspiration. If 1 + 1 = 3 then I could do math in a dream that moved people with such powerful words from beyond the horizon of this world in the world I chose to write.

The dreams and realities of my own creative mind confused most. My means of formulating facts were de-fragmented with the violins of life's illusions. Memories, more like soldiers in the monuments of the city park, revisit me in the ghosts of what I have forgotten to be real. The vocabulary that I used to communicate was simple until I complicated myself with an unhealthy lifestyle that peered beyond the curtain of perception with an intoxicating sense. I imagined six senses, and whatever I imagined became probable as it manifested like an object in reality that does not yet exist. I could not evolve a seventh

sense for whatever reason I might need to perceive the impossibility of nothing. Is nothing impossible? I will evolve the possibility. Nobody laughs anymore. Heaven is laughter. That is what I will perceive. There is always something ridiculous and beyond human comprehension for perfect people. How did I get to be perfect you might ask? I laugh at myself. I keep myself amused in my own humility. He who sees his own reflection will have to bear the unbearable. In Jungian psychology the confrontation with the Shadow is the apprentice piece while the confrontation with the Anima is the masterpiece. All reflections of who I am.

I might have traveled to the origin of the universe while I decided upon the life I wished to manifest. I might have known why the universe happened if I uncover a prebirth memory. I might have remembered sitting in the big bang in the womb of being. While there, I might remember choosing my parents as the people who created me from the orgasm of all possibilities. The holding place before my birth was still with primordial dreams and realities. If I had the wisdom to remember the path I have chosen in the actual life that I have lived I might see forever in the relativity of everything. This was opposed to nothing in the absence of being, if being is not eternal before and after the middle of nonsense that I know in the meaning of life. Nothing was absolute in the unconscious bliss of an unanswered riddle. Being unreal to itself is as close as I come to nothing if nothing truly happened. I would love to see nothing happen as if it was a *Seinfeld episode*. I might win a contest about nothing. Like a silent and empty dream in the abyss of a deep sleep, I firmly believe that I was being

before and after I began. Perhaps I was dreaming of the life I might live. I may be living at some point in the history of the universe that is some distance from another point which is equally impossible to locate precisely. The fact remains that I am here, but where am I relative to what when I don't know why it happened? If I could remember the beginning I would know all ends in a new beginning. I would know where I am relative to everything in the universe if I knew why it happened in the first place. The future of all possible words is in the origin and machinery of the mind. The world we think we know, and the path that we have chosen, is only one possible reality where dreams present all possible civilizations that might evolve from intelligent life as we believe we know intelligence. I have a pet rock. It is intelligent. It is made of atoms just like me. It is older than I am, and it lives longer than I do. All existing things possess intelligence. What makes me think I am smarter than a rock that possesses wisdom beyond my years? Will it remember me? We think of memory as an aspect of intelligence, but intelligent life is not as we know it. Intelligent beings laugh at the silly human race when they remember us. Will you remember me?

Getting down to the details I have to deal with the specifics as I focus in and forget the big picture. I had a life in common place reality. I used to believe I was a commoner before I was contacted by aliens. It was my belief in aliens that kept me from returning to the Catholic Church where I originally received my education. If they are not real beings they are certainly real archetypes that visited me through the inner space of the psyche. My first memories, as I relive them in the comfort of my mind, are warm with friends, family, and community in

the heart of Rhode Island. They were not aliens, but common people.

I was born in 1974 in the poorer section of Providence on Smith Hill. We had nothing of material wealth, but people truly enjoyed the community of the church that we attended on Smith Street. Saint Patrick's sung the rich hymns of what we might rejoice as being the chosen children in the field of daisies. Daisies fed the appetite of God upon the graves of the Saints where we might always be graceful in the state of our own innocence. I was protected from reality by my parents who wanted me to have a religious life. Even before the lazy daisy of *HAL* in the movie *2001 A Space Odyssey* was sung to my knowledge I might create a marriage of science and theology because of my foundation in the church. They say you can take the boy out of the church, but you can not take the church out of the boy. Even in wanting to evolve, as I embrace the future, I have Saint Patrick's Academy to build a church of my own. In 2001 There was a *Monolith*, or abstract increment, that appeared in the movie to progress human evolution. My own experiences with the supernatural world of dreams and visions had yet to visit me in the conscious evolution of my own quantum leap.

I don't remember having dreams until I reached puberty when I first began to create maps of reality. Creating maps of reality is something people do in adolescence. They stopped creating maps of reality in the middle ages with stories like The Fisher King. I believe *The Lord Of The Rings* was the most recent map of reality to be incorporated into the human psyche. It was the confrontation with the Jungian Shadow in masculine psychology. I must be living in the middle ages

because I still create maps of reality. Or perhaps it is a part of my adolescence that I still enjoy, as I am always revising my map of reality. It is a hobby of the hobbit to seek a vision of the grail. I work on my inner world, and that is all I ever do my life might have meant something.

I was not a joiner. I never imagined myself getting married, and I only belonged to the community as a child. I had a rich inner life compared to the life I had with people. I enjoyed company when I was very young, but as I found my place in life I found I was alone and unable to form friendships with people my own age. If I had a schizotypal personality disorder it was something that was genetic. I inherited the creative and magical thinking of my mother, but the disorder made it very difficult for me to get close to people. I always found it frustrating that I never fit in the way other people seemed to fit perfectly with each other. I was a weirdo from the start even in those *Happy Days* when I was cool with my *Cookie Monster.*

Very early on earth are the days to know joy in the virgin snow of each experience when our map of reality is first impressed with the joy of reality. I used to know joy before each experience became burnt like a cigar being put out in my eye. I had hyper arousal. The slightest sensory information could be the magic of euphoria, or the greatest annoyance on earth. Migraines developed early on like a knock at the door of unanswered questions. There was always something wrong with me, and religious people don't understand neurology or migraines. That don't know how to explain vomit without watching the Exorcist.

Religion was my foundation, but I might have preferred Plato's Academy as I entered the world. If there truly is a God the first subject we should learn is geometry on the door of unanswered questions. It is universal. Aliens understand it. No one can build a map of reality, or a church, without knowing geometry.

Unlike today I do not recall the political unrest of so many conflicting issues in the church, or the many different branches of one almighty God. Maybe God was relative to everyone in the personal schematic of their own personal unconscious. Everyone has their own personal religion in psychotherapy like a retina scan, or a fingerprint. No two people experience the same life even if they share the same universal knowledge of a collective unconscious. Synchronicity might be the only thing that truly connects people on a psychic level. On a personal level what do any of us share in common, but a meaningful coincidence that joins us in friendship. In the Catholic Church there was one God. Yahweh was the light and the word. That was how it happened in the stone age story, but why did it happen? Was Yahweh pre-existent to light? Why did light happen? Why words? Why not images? Why not geometry? I did not know the Greek mythology of many Gods or Goddesses until I went to public school. The Gods and Goddesses confused me even more. Why did I truly need any God or Goddess, or even a dog? What if my dog was God, and I was not a good master? I'll have to answer to my dog.

The religious community I knew as a child seemed so pleasant with the simple pleasures of home when I was young. Everything was right

and things made sense. I think I was born with the common sense that I inherited in my genetic code. Over the years I became uncommon with no common ground to walk on. I don't know what the world did to me, but if I had my wish everything would be right, and things would make sense. I might have something normal to hold on to in the traditional values of a traditional life. Once upon a time I knew the world as an ordinary world. People prayed in the obedience of God.

I had to have the freedom to explore, and rebel against the education my parents gave me. I wanted to do what I loved doing without having to worry about doing the right thing. If I only knew what the right thing was I would do it and get it done with so I could do what I love. I don't know what it was about reality that my parents did not want me to know. Perhaps the winter might find me frozen on the street as an adult with my father's ignorant Italian name. As a child I was free from responsibility with nothing but the simple treasures of what God provided. Perhaps that was the freedom I truly enjoyed. Like the lilies. I consider them with nothing but Jesus to blow up balloons all day, and why not?

Unfortunately, a religious education does not pay the bills. If I did have a choice in the being I wished to manifest, I chose to be placed in a world where God was love. Or so the God concept of Yahweh was not the Biblical God of Hellfire. Originally, I never imagined God was the punisher of those that fall from Eden. He did not cast his children to feed on the streets of a morbid imagination in the mind of man and his true nature in reality. My original concept of God brought people

together to rejoice in the community. But this was when I was innocent. This was before I knew the discomfort of true knowledge in knowing how a woman could tear my soul apart with a poisonous orange in a magical orange grove.

The religious community was vibrant with the simple joy and appreciation of every season in the circle of life. This was before cable television entertained us with *MTV* and the image oriented 80's. This was before the internet replaced cable television with the mass delusion of online communities that dissociated people from true nature. The community I knew in my foremost recollection consisted of actual people in the flesh and blood of Christ. There were actually people that did not depend on anything, but the comfort of knowing each other in real time. We had the park, the beach, the church, and the walks in the wooded world under the open sky of clean air. There was always a get together at the beach house of friends and family. The beach was an integral part of Rhode Island. The summer breeze of sand with the perfume of the virgin dunes summoned us to the crashing ornaments that washed ashore.

The beach we often gathered at was Sand Hill Cove. Bliss was the wild unconscious creation of sunshine in the ocean's seizures of light upon the waves. We fell from these seizures to the pillow of paradise in the sand. The gateway of stars above our sand castles made the day end with the universe. Time at the beach was relative to the endless joy of being a child. In my foremost memories I have a great foundation in the God Concept of the community. We belonged to the world where

we witnessed the greatest invention in the history of mankind. We watched the wheel imbedded in the sky as the scientist of time. The archetypes in nature, in the spirals of the sea shells, spoke of revelations to build upon the wheel in endless increments of the ocean waves. Such was the eternal joy in the celebration of being born with life. Songs of angels in the seagulls entertained us with the wisdom that inherited the earth as we bathed beneath the sun.

In the days of golden sand beneath our feet life was not like the digital death of waking to the alarm clock in the useless system of things the way it is today. There was no need to survive the apocalyptic revelations of the times that appeared every day in the news. There was no laboring for a society that only cared about shoveling shit against the wind for no particular reason other than eating the shit for a dollar that buys the shit. Consider the Lillies, and get crucified by a scary clown like *Ronald McDonald*. As a child there was no suicidal race in the mass transit system bearing news about road rage. Now no one knows where all the cars go when we go electric. No news was good news if all news ended in the obituary. It was not part of what I recollect when I was young.

The reality television show, that has become the popular format of our lives, never televised the innocent smile of the sun in the invisible motion picture of something Surreal. Something pure, or good, like Plato's Sun of Forms. From the third dimension to the hypercube, we are only beginning to create the movie of the fourth dimension on the big screen. The world I knew when spirits where innocent with the love

of life was a whisper of waves upon the sand before the whispers became waves of demons in death. This was the ordinary and normal reality of what was always right, and what always made sense with the sense I was given. Or so the holy communion of having Christ always appeared to be the natural light of life. I did not have many questions about the world around me. I was not curious about the gift of Eden, or the Eve of what fruit might taste erotic enough. Why question the garden of an unconscious perfection? To simply remember having been there is the greatest answer to any riddle. I was a happy little boy with the occasional migraine, and a paradise of children my own age. I had the comfort and wisdom of elders who held me in the community with the power of prayer. God provided me the wealth of innocence in having known his kingdom as a child.

Like all good things...God was too good to be true. If I read ahead in the Bible I might receive the true word of Yahweh if I took a different path through the desert. If I abandoned him to serve alien Gods in my own land what mind would I have, but the mind of alien? I would serve aliens in a land that is not my own as a punishment from the Old Testament.

Of course, migraines might take my mind away, but isn't it funny? I might need an exorcist for a neurological problem that made me funny. Not only could I not handle the funny, but I became funny because of trauma. People never knew where I got my shit. The traumatic childhood with migraines was the key to my universe, as humorous as suffering truly is. I would suffer for the rest of my life in dealing with

reality because I could not deal with migraines. I did not know reality would be a migraine, but a migraine was my only reality check. Other than that, all reality was the good, or the real, Plato's Sun of Forms. Sublime and majestic, ideal and characteristic of higher callings where I served the Sun King of a greater reality.

Why must I come to earth and be a commoner with a migraine when that was the only way people knew me? Jonny suffers from migraines in the church where prayer and prophecy tell the tale of who he will become. The eccentric idiot. The myth and the legend of the universe was mine to implode as if it ever happened. I would cry for my mother. Save me from my migraines before the universe becomes an orange and eats me alive. The full potentiality of the future was in my hands, and I was here to make faster than light travel more than just a dream. I was here to find a crack in time, to be the be the savior of the world. Mother was Mary, and I suffered like the Christ child in the space time continuum.

I do believe having suffered from migraines defined a great deal of my identity as a child in relation to people. It was a name I could live with as opposed to the names I have now. I never knew I could be all those things that people came to call me, but people came to call me. Migraines did bring me fame with God as a suffering member of the Saint Patrick's community. I was known by others in the way I struggled with my intense neurological pain that traumatized me as a child.

Having migraines also brought me fame as the first born of my father’s son. My father was traumatized as a child by abuse in his

family. It is a viscous cycle with a trickle down effect. The eldest gets the worst of it, and so what if I have a migraine. My father's name was John with an "H", and I was simply Jon. I had the hope of an eccentricity that missed a step in contemplation. My mother's name was Helen. There was something mysterious about that "H." This was the missing variable in the value of infinity.

The fact that my mother was in the convent before she married never seemed to strike me as unusual. I don't know why she married, or what made her fall in love with my father. He was a bum, but he was handsome. You have to be really handsome to take a nun away from the convent. Handsome, but dumb as a man can come if you can call my father a man. He could not wipe his ass without my mother. In the beginning he wore the pants, but he became one of her irresponsible children. Mother was the master of disaster in the boxing match of verbal communication while my father simply spoke in cliches and fortune cookies. He could have used his mind if he did not lose his mind. He was gagooza, but he was so damn handsome. How could she resist? It was love at first sight. Let all the doubt be saved for the devil. If the devil is truly anything but doubt in the mind of Christ. The devil is out there, and he is real. I've got to have doubt.

Of course my parent's love was lightning in the famous quote by *Homer Simpson*, "Everyone knows that Rock and Roll achieved perfection in 1974." I was born in 1974. I bet you've never seen a perfect person before. Do you see me perfectly? Not only am I a fan of Classic Rock, but I am a true fan of *Homer Simpson*. His reasoning goes

beyond logic. Listen to my *Homer Simpson* prayer, “Done and done.” I am a doer. I get things done.

I used to keep a diary when I was very young, but I did not record my deepest thoughts and feelings. I recorded a list of things that I did during the day at the end of each day. Prayer does nothing unless you do it yourself, and you have to do it your way. I prayed for miracles. I prayed for death. I've asked people to pray for me. Does anything happen unless I get off my ass and put thought into action? I imagine the repetition of prayer is a form of meditation, but I am a doer in the house of infinite recursion looking for results when I dream. I evolve upon my dreams and create something new out of the box. That is where I get my inspiration when women no longer inspire me.

These days women never make me pray for miracles. They simply make me pray for death, and death does not come. You have to treat your love like a woman even if your love is simply what you imagine. You have to apologize for everything. It is an unforgiving madness, and sorry is never good enough. You can't win an argument with a woman, and it is better to blame yourself for everything you do when you wake up alone no matter what you do. You just can't win, and the effort is better spent on your own time with something you love to do. I love to create, and I love to write. I love to work on my inner world. A woman has nothing to offer me in the common place reality of checks and balances. But offer a woman everything, and why? I'm the sensitive naked man with nothing in the end, but my fifteen minutes of fame. What it means to be awake, and alone, in the *Truman Show*. As if Eden

was anything but a magical orange grove where I can not question God.

Why can't I question God, or the hand that feeds me the myth of immortality? Am I among the immortals? Is death creation? Do I ever return to the garden, or do I only go forth into deeper and deeper levels of consciousness? Is it a spiral of dreams that evolve upon each other in the increments of a monolith? How many licks does it take to get to the center of a Tootsie Pop? The world will never know why the universe happened in 1974.

My parents were fools in love, and I don't know why fools rush in. I should have been Elvis. Angels become fools that fall hard in the psychic territory of the God Squad in the Saint Patrick community of parapsychology. The Saint Patrick's church delved in certain practices that were unconventional. Talking in tongues is one example of the spiritual practices that were promoted. Exercising hauntings and ghosts that certain people were possessed by was one of the fanatical religious practices of my parents when they came to the Church. What better place to find the blind than through the inner healing sessions of what took the place of group therapy in a professional setting. This was the seventies. God was good, and he did not give his children the stigma of an actual mental illness. He gave his children demons to be exercised by the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost, Santa Claus, and the Easter Bunny. This was the ordinary world where people met and fell in love. The seasons brought birth, death, and rebirth in the demons that tormented my parents when they finally found the Garden of Eden in each other's eyes.

This was how people married and had children. I never questioned these things. In inner healing sessions where people shared their personal pain they experienced Jungian synchronicities. My parents fell in love in the presence of the Holy Ghost and the Trinity of Christ. From this I always believed I might fall in love at Church while I was studying the Bible. I never did read the Bible the way I was told the stories. I feel ignorant, but then again, the world only ends. I wanted to create my own religion of infinity in the house of infinite recursion where I could evolve upon my dreams.

I always knew I might go to war the way my father came home from Vietnam. No one talked about Vietnam in my world until *The A-Team* was televised on cable. I don't believe I was born during the war. My father had already come home after serving in the military. According to a childhood friend we lost the war because our M-16 machine guns kept locking up. It was plain and simple. I knew my father was a hero in the Air Force. Dad was a true man of honor who enlisted in his own sense of duty. Dodging the draft was for the weak hippies that rather be mothered by their marijuana. I always remember how dad saved his driver's license with his Neanderthal hippy shit when he returned home from the war. The image always struck me as such a drop out, such a dead man.

My mother told me they were flower children. But my father was a soldier in the military. No one talked about Vietnam. No one talked about the underground drug culture of the sixties. I was too young to understand. I was too young to grasp the concepts of what a war might

do to a man. This was beyond the grasp of my developing mind, that a man may never truly return home. I never understood why he came home from the war with all the disgrace and disgust of a mountain man. I always admired how handsome and honorable my father appeared in the pictures of his military gear. There was only so much I was capable of knowing as a child, and only so much I was allowed to know.

Eventually I discovered that my father was the only soldier who enlisted in Vietnam who did not see action. He severed the tips of his fingers when he stuck them in a fan, and he got the name knuckles. That was his post traumatic stress from the war. I believe Jane Fonda caused him even more horror when he returned home. That was when the war truly began for my father. My father never saw any action, but he came home to people who believed he was a baby killer. My father returned to a society that believed the worst about him. The war at home became a psychological masterpiece for George Lucas to explore with *Darth Vader* and the *Star Wars Trilogy*. Every father's son knew the ways of *the Force*.

My parents always kept the wedding picture which always made me laugh. They were silly flower children in the God Squad of Saint Patrick's. My father shaved his beard just for the wedding. His thick Italian hair was long and wavy like a model on the cover of a romance novel. My mother was a natural blonde with beautiful blue eyes. She wore a faint yellow gown, and though there were no flowers, I always imagined she had flowers in her hair. My mother was sheltered without the knowledge and wisdom of the world. But mom was hardly dumb

despite her blonde hair. Nor was she a drop out dead man who came home from the war with the missing teeth of his mind. As far as I understood, my parents were John Lennon and Yoko Ono in a paper bag, as piss poor as two virgins. On the surface, they might have made beautiful music in the *Instant Karma* that shines on. Or so they were beautiful, without an education and nothing substantial to start a family. Grandpa gave them his blessing after my father did the right thing. My father asked my Grandfather for his daughter's hand in marriage. But the day of the wedding Grandpa cast doubt. “Are you sure you want to go through with this?” He asked my mother. Love will keep them alive. God loves all of his children. God can do anything. God can make you, and God can break you.

I don’t remember much of life without Jason and Justin. I have vague recollections that are primordial. Be them dreams, or imagination, it is difficult to tell if they are actual memories of true experience when the mind is first being impressed. Jason was born a year and half after me. Justin was the youngest. He was one year apart from Jason. Jason was the poor soul that had to suffer with the invisible syndrome of the middle child like *Marsha* in the *Brady Bunch*. In the earliest years I had the bulging chest of *Superman*. I dressed with capes and the magical sweater of the magnificent “S” that Grandma knitted. My brothers became my sidekicks in the war against the forces of darkness that plagued the comic book model of our reality as children.

I received the greatest amount of attention in the earliest years. I carried the weight of the world as the *Superman* of my slightly mad

imagination. I paved the wave for the good of the family, and for the good of my brothers. I was the eldest. I was the role model as a toddler in the cartoon universe. These were the laws of the cartoon universe. I remember early on, when life was young with *Bugs Bunny*, I was the master of all reality. Saturday morning cartoons were the traditional values that I shared with my brothers. What a joy every Saturday morning was, as if cartoons entertained us with reality television when television was reality. Reality television has done everything to destroy Surrealism, and my childhood. As Andre Breton wrote in the Surrealist Manifesto, "The mind which plunges into surrealism relives with burning excitement the best part of childhood." The best part of childhood is waking up with cartoons in your cup. The best part of growing up is becoming a cartoon. Drink me.

My mother gave me the gift of a highly imaginative and creative childhood where I was free to roam about the universe in whatever my crayons might create. My many drawings exhibited my creative genius as a child. I fashioned my idols, such as *Hon Solo*, in the war against the demons of my invisible pain. Migraines are not perceived as the pain of a broken arm or leg. People seldom understand the trauma of a migraine because it is not a wound that they can see. I took my pain and I channeled it into something constructive. This was recognized early on, and this was encouraged by my mother. My mother always wanted to attend The Rhode Island School Of Design with her talent. Not only did she see the potential in me, but she sacrificed her own art not to intimidate me with her talent.

Unfortunately, my mother also suffered from the invisible middle child syndrome in her family structure. My Uncle Louie was the eldest, and he was a brain with the books. Not a single word escaped that sponge of an over absorbed library. I don't believe his books were illustrated with the artistic talent that the rest of the creative types in my family had. He had no talent to offer the world anything but how to Network Microsoft Servers. Yet he was a brain, and he was the first born. Grandpa could only afford college for Louie. And besides, my mother was a young woman growing up in the cave man days. She was meant to get married and her place was in the home. My mother never got to go to The Rhode Island School of Design the way she always dreamed, but perhaps I could live that dream for her. Perhaps my mother could live through me, and create an invalid out of her son.

There are always those frightening invalids on their prophetic mission, and their mother's are the ones that make Frankensteins out of them. Who's brain did my mother put it in? She always told me not to give up on myself. Just look at Doctor Frankenstein. He made a monster. Little did I know I would not be a doctor, but I would play one on television like *Doctor Hannibal Lecture* in reruns of the silent movie. Television would become reality if I blurred the lines between dreams and realities. What if I erased the line of the horizon? Might I catch it in a prophetic mission, and who would be my *Clarice* in years of psychotherapy? Love is like that. Women fall in love with books about serial killers. I imagine it is because a serial killer makes love to a woman's mind. They are masters of mind games, and they all have a

sixth sense. As Charlie Manson might say, “I don't have to kill people. I think it.” There is no one on the face of the earth that does not think it. Some people's thoughts are simply more intense. The eternal recurrence is the thought in it's most ferocious form. It is just a thought, but thoughts can destroy physical health as well as mental health. My mother always taught me not to kill. It is like a box of chocolates. You never know what you are going to get, so don't even go there. Hell on earth, or hell in the afterlife. Hell in the house of infinite recursion with nothing to evolve upon.

There is nothing more dangerous in heaven or hell than something as powerful as an idea. I had to be careful with ideas. Ideas can kill if that is your idea of fun at the expense of civilization. Taking a gun and firing it in a crowd of people is the simplest Surrealist act in the Surrealist Manifesto. What we see these days was originally written as a Surrealist idea by Andre Breton in 1924. Take Surrealism and teach it as a subject in the educational system. Incorporate dangerous ideas and teach people how to use them properly. Before you act upon an idea look down upon the earth and notice the ants crawling all over the place. Are we alien Gods that have the right? As Gandhi might say, “An eye for an eye will leave the whole world blind.” Even George Lucas would not call *Return Of The Jedi*, *Revenge Of The Jedi*, as he originally planned. He thought twice about it. A *Jedi* would never take revenge. The best revenge is using your brain, which is what my old English professor told me. If anything, I am not brain dead. I am brain candy.

Some people ran away to join the circus, and I am no different.

They get to be a clown, or a side show freak. They get to travel, and see the world. Other people followed *The Grateful Dead*. They got to be a clown, or a side show freak. They got to travel, and see the world. Running away to join the convent was my mother's only means of independence from the overbearing will of Grandpa. Grandpa also dominated my Grandmother. My Grandmother had no apparent afflictions, other than a weak ability to confront the reality of my Grandfather's never ending nonsense about World War II. He punished people with his memories of how he won the war as a Staff Sergeant of delinquents in the Philippines. His memories of the war were the memories of his good old days in all his glory. We won the war, which made him a hero, and defined the greatest generation. But my mother needed inner healing because of my Grandfather's overbearing control issues. He owned people with his will even in his death. He left me in his will, as if I spent the money on anything but coffee. I'm a minimalist. I make due with what little I have, and I don't need much. I have everything I need inside me. He left me his computer, which had more sentimental value. Now his computer controls me with his ghost. People never truly die when we monument them. I immortalized him over and over again in my books. I wish I did him justice. I joined the circus and I finished my formal education before he died. I wanted to make him proud of me for doing something good in life. I always felt like such a failure in society when I ran away to join the circus.

My mother ran away to the convent to find her own character. She wanted a stronger sense of self, and she wanted to be on her own away from Grandpa. My mother did not want the fate of my Grandmother

when she married dear old dad. She did not want to be owned by his will, and her will was dominant having been a nun. The honeymoon served her a great opportunity to lay down the law of how she expected my father to wear his leash in strict obedience. The love affair appeared innocent to everyone, but my mother had serious issues with men because of Grandpa. No man was my mother's master, and dad found his place with his dumb ass. Mom wanted dad to be something more than what he could offer, but he was broken from day one by his father.

As they say, do what is done to you. I was the oldest. I was the next in line to be bullied, and then I had my brothers. I was the one to live the cycle, eventually uncover the cycle, and break it. I would run away to join the circus and receive a formal education at college as an artist and writer that was not afraid to explore my feelings. I have feelings? Do other people have feelings? What a breakthrough in psychotherapy that is. Relationships are built upon equal respect of each others feelings. Women only bring hurt feeling. I am happy to simply get through life without hurting someone's feelings. How do you feel about that?

Of course being a child is being oblivious to the genetic makeup of family dynamics and my own personality disorder, which is probably something that I inherited. I remember the earliest years with my brothers were enjoyable. I was more advanced than my brothers as a creative person. I believe I knew pain more than they did. Pain ages the soul the same way that stress ages the soul. This is especially true of

migraines while they give rise to something such as an aura. To have vision at an early age in what I experienced and created was something insane in the house of infinite recursion where I lived with a mind full of Mozart.

I experienced pain that was relative to the abstract thought of Mozart in what music might be mad, and the most frightening music in the universe. When I came upon his music for the first time he spoke of landscapes that I already knew in my own abstract reasoning. Mozart was mad as a migraine. I understood the stairway full of secrets in the spiral on my frontal cortex that would not forgive me , or allow me to let myself go. Every thought was another succession, and I would grip to the very last, hoping that my thoughts would end. Hoping that Mozart would stop laughing at me with violins of violence that were both beautiful and torture at the same time while I sat on a hot stove waiting to kiss the music goodbye. I stretched my mind, and from it I could create. I could create worlds the same way Carl Jung created childhood worlds in his back yard when he parted with Freud. I regressed into my own mind and my own creative island of thought that was an eccentric landscape, which deviated from the normal reasoning of thought. I was mad. Even when they photographed me I always looked like I was mad. My mother once told me that I always look like I am mad. That is because I was always mad.

Jason and Justin did follow my lead in their own works of art. *The Force* was strong in my family. But in our everyday reality as children the three of us shared cartoons, super hero's, and plenty of toys. The

mammoth pine trees in the back yard stood taller than the World Trade Center. In the grand scheme of whatever role playing games we invented, our power to save the world was more significant than any reality we had yet to be exposed to. But I was exposed to something that my brothers could not comprehend. I was exposed to something pre-existent, if of course the imagination is beyond the limits of what we know. What I might imagine became knowledge like laughter.

Like the echoes of laughter laughing at me from beyond the horizon if I only caught the horizon. If I only had a glimpse, but of course, I knew the secret too soon like the Christ child with a crucifix on my frontal cortex. Would I ever let go, and let God? Might I always live the burning excitement of childhood in a Surrealist fantasy? They might always call me Jonny if I never made a name in Hollywood as a big time author and artist. I might fall short of glory in the agony of defeat. I can always fail, but if I evolve upon my failures I might be Mozart. I might be the prodigy if I revisit my childhood and revise my map of reality. What I might show the world if I have the origin of thought...the future of mankind! Why does anything happen if it never happened in the first place? It is the question that I ask throughout my life. It is true even if it never happened, and it happens more than once.

I was different with a personality disorder that made it difficult to get close the way my brothers could make friends. I made friends in the family, and older people took an interest in my intellect. It was not common, or practical. It was creative. I remember my brothers and I were a close group in the earliest years before we actually knew

anything about the educational system, or what puberty might reveal to us. Of course, my only revelations about sex would come in puberty. I was the oldest. I had no one ahead of me. Nor did I have any mature friends that might let me in, or explain things in a language that I could understand. As far as I understood, I did not need to understand anything. There was not much to question but the cartoons, or why I might vomit from a migraine. Identity in the religious community of friends and family was simply defined by my creative mind, which suffered the sensory overload of light and sound. I was neurologically deficient. My brain blocked sensory information while I was aware of the internal information of my inner world. I was a deep introvert, and I wanted things that stimulated my imagination.

I remember wanting to read War Of The Worlds, but my mother said the book was too advanced for me. If she had wanted to raise a prodigy she would have encouraged me to read. I had all the makings of a Mozart, but I did not have parents that pushed me with the discipline to achieve great things. I wanted to achieve great things. I wanted to walk on the moon. I wanted to be the first to plant a flag in my inner world where I could prove myself and my imagination. In certain ways I was the first to plant a flag. My parents left me alone to explore myself without educating me about the world. I learned about my own imagination in the privacy of my room where the world disappeared.

I recall having a personal identity in the solitude of a dark room where I suffered alone with people that did not even know I was

suffering. What does a migraine look like in Schrodinger's box? It is the eternal death. Neither dying, nor becoming manifest. I would cry for my mother, but no magic in her religious bundle of faith was strong enough to understand a neurological problem that stigmatized me while I would vomit. I had the holy disorder of a broken brain. Doctors in Boston with all of their degrees cannot cure the common cold. Migraines happened for hours on end at any time of day. These were my revelations of torture in the dark room of my bucket and vomit. The light let in on a cracked egg, but from a different source than the natural sun. I found an internal world in which I developed my personal identity as the hermit of an old soul in the Christ child being held by the Madonna. I believe that is where it came from. That is where I began to believe I was Jesus, or where I developed my Christ complex. From childhood I became the Pisces Jesus with a martyr complex, as I loved to play the martyr throughout my life. To the point of sacrificing my life on the alter for no reason whatsoever other than my childhood identity. It was the identity that meant something to me in a meaningless society.

I do imagine this type of traumatic childhood pain forced me to grow apart from the other children my age. This type of suffering allowed a great deal of room for personal exploration within the reality of my own mind. That is where my inner world began. One Christmas I asked for a microscope. My mother gave me her old microscope from her childhood that was designed for a girl. I felt that it had an effect on my masculinity. I thought I was a boy, but Santa Claus gave me something designed for a girl. I might become a practicing homosexual

who lost faith and turned to science. I had doubt like the devil with the devil inside. It is said that if you dream of fighting with Satan you might be fighting with yourself. There were horrors I might dream of with an oddball eccentricity about me. I was not like the other boys my age. I was definitely not like my brothers. Santa Claus was my mother when my father had no interest in raising me. She was the giver, and from that I learned to give. From that I wanted to offer something significant to the world.

Being an INTP, or someone with an Introverted – Intuitive – Thinking - Perceiving personality type, I was capable of a scientific breakthrough. They are the absent minded professors. My first scientific breakthrough was realizing where this gift came from. What treasures I had to offer a woman if I was not a girl. Perhaps I could become a lesbian, or perhaps I did not need sexual organs at all. I might become an impotent invalid doing theoretical physics in a wheel chair like Steven Hawkings. I might live in pure thought without knowing why the universe was created. Was the universe simply created for my penis? That is what guys will have you think. I could always use my brain to make my body disappear in the avatar of a virtual reality that I might know in the astral world.

DAYAD

From Jesus To Frankenstein

“Mighty is geometry; joined with art, resistless.”

~ Euripides ~

A religious education is how I entered the world ignorant of geometry. I will tell the world what I learned in Kindergarten when I raised my hand to go the bathroom. I went ignored until I peed my pants. The entire world would ignore me until I raised hell about being ignored. Until I vomited to prove I was suffering with a holy disorder, and I needed an exorcist in class.

I also learned I was slow at certain things when other people already had cable television. Other children were watching movies like *Young Frankenstein* when I did not know what Frankenstein was. I remember Holly could read books in Kindergarten while I was still learning the alphabet. How I wished my parents pushed me to be a prodigy. I wanted to create a symphony of creative genius. I wanted to take the alphabet and make alphabet soup in my own book for people to read. I wanted to take language at the most fundamental level in a room with a straight jacket and ask the ultimate question, "Words?" Words like peas that I might vomit into a poem about eating my peas like a force fed vegetation of reality in the War Of The Worlds. Perhaps a war of the words in a war of the worlds where I might master all possible worlds among every walk of life in every language that should be taught at an early age.

Saint Patrick's Academy was part of the Church, but there was nothing on the door about geometry. Something universal was better than a cross that judged the wicked who entered the school with ideas of becoming Christ. It was the school of my parent's choice. This was where they met and fell in love. Family and friends of my childhood

community participated in the religious education and social activities of the Church and school.

I had many people in my life in the early years of my educational process. Teachers, students, friends and family where all part of the love we shared. In the God Concept of the Collective Unconscious that I knew as a child, people shared the world in common as a community of followers in the name of Christ. This never truly appeared to be a community that suppressed the right of the individual to succeed in the individuating process above and beyond the level of Christ's name.

None of us could be John Lennon. None of us could be *The Walrus*. But once I heard *The Beatle*s there was no going back. At the time, I was simply a sheep in every aspect of the education I received from Christ. Only to turn black with torment. Torment has a way of making people go mad with reason as they reason why they go mad with a religious education. There has to be doubt about an education that your parents give you when they don't encourage you to read outside of the classroom. Holly read books about Little House On The Prairie. Little did I know I would write books about the pretty boy in the house. God's punishments are just. But I question God. God did not write the Bible. Man wrote the Bible.

"I don't think there is any question about it. It can only be attributable to human error. This sort of thing has cropped up before, and it has always been due to human error. " ~ *HAL*

Well of course I wanted to take art classes, but what did Saint

Patrick's Academy have to offer other than Jesus Christ when I wanted to work with abstractions. I was first introduced to the world of art in the structured classes of the educational system as a religious world of art. I understand that many people enjoy religious art, and I understand that many famous artist work with religious themes. But I wanted to create the future. I did not want to create the Middle Ages and the dragons that I might find in *The Lord Of The Rings*. The dark ages are what I think of when I look back on Christ. I saved all of my artwork from childhood. I had the red knight and the battle with Brutus in the unconscious landscape of masculine psychology where the knights of the round table created a castle in my soul. But it was not original. It was fashioned from what people got stuck on in the psyche of the dark ages.

When I look back on the art that I created I also had work that broke free from convention. I found a freedom of expression that was not paralleled by my peers. This was a freedom that was not restricted to the limited and protected reality of the religious education. I found that I could speak in my own voice. I found that I could rebel against the reality of religion in the rights I had as an American citizen. Freedom of expression could be sublimated in the oddity of my imagery. However bizarre or abstract, I could explore my own weird world beneath the nose of what my teacher's taught as the light of Christ. This was power indeed. Like the alchemist of a new archetype, I could scream gold from the depth of my migraines.

If triangle man spoke volumes in a thousand words people shut up

in awe of my abstraction. Geometry was greater than that of Christ. It was inherited knowledge that was pre-existent in everything. No Christ can create a church ignorant of geometry. Triangle man was a character that I created as a child in my art class. He was made out of triangles that symbolized how weird I appeared when I had a migraine. I always wanted things to be quiet while I suffered from the intense sensory overload that I experienced in what I could create on canvas.

My art teacher loved the shapes that I used, but she hated my use of words. I made triangle man, or weirdo, speak. Mrs. Laliberty wanted me to use my gift to express the love of Christ. Even at that I age I did not give a shit. It was that voice in me that did not care that would be my downfall. I did not care what people thought of me. I could only make people think. People think whatever they want about me. Despite my use of words, my teacher said I was gifted. My entrance into Plato's academy was secure with the gift of a new geometry in the alien archetype of my creation. There was no ground in the new age of NASA that filled the heavens with Reagan's *Star Wars* against the threat of nuclear annihilation. I was born in the age of the Apocalypse, as the Book of Revelations wielded the current events that people juxtaposed with the poetry of the Bible. Nothing could stop me from ending the world if that is what I wanted. I saw it, and I went for it, if it was something I liked. Art was something I liked, and so were the aliens. If aliens were my creation, or if I wanted to be the Anti-Christ with a bucket of vomit, Christ was not on my canvas. I had my own cross and my own easel to support the typical life of the tormented artist.

The Anti-Christ can resist the desires of woman. You would not believe me if I told you I was the Anti-Christ. It would be a lie. How ironic is he? He mixes his truth with lies. He is a political man, but he is a fictional character in the nightmares of a man who knew Christ. It was relative to the day and age it was written. In our day and age humans fulfill the prophecy of science fiction as we reinvent the wheel with technology. Prophecy still works the same, but we evolved the rules of the game. Chess is played in more than the geometry of three dimensional space. Now we have the hypercube. The pawn will become the queen of four dimensional space. That is the next dimension that artists are exploring in the educational system.

My peers bowed before me in this respect of my education, but they also tormented me as the odd ball of what I created. The rest of my education was on the funny farm of the religious beliefs that attempted to protect children from the Book of Revelations in the pagan name of Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny. Ironic as it is, my parents taught me witchcraft in the pagan celebration of the holidays that blinded me of Mel Gibson, and the so called world of adults.

The Passion of Christ was Mel's own death trip of intoxicated glory. The movie did not come out until I was much older in life. To me, it revealed the darker side of religion that was not taught to me as a child in the Saint Patrick's Parish. Saint Patrick's Academy and church did not allow us to see a reality in the religious world of Anti-Semitism. All other ways of life were not in accordance with Christ. The only true

lifestyle was the religious lifestyle of the community. Even divorce did not exist in the community, or so the reality of a failed marriage was not acceptable as the way of the Church when I was a child.

But there was a mad world of adults that de-evolved in the wake of what I had yet to witness among men outside of the Church I knew as a child. Would I become a man? Someday I might be filled with the thick tar of hatred that fills the hearts of men, as I fight other men to the death in a chess match of muscle and masculinity. Perhaps I might have to be a gentleman and scholar to fight the Goliath with all balls and no brains. Perhaps I will watch him get married while his wife defeats him. Thank God I am only watching the game if I act as though there is God. Man has threatened my life many times, but I live in the light of theory alone. He can not kill me if I never happened.

Before worrying of what I might become later on in life, or what man might do to me, I am worried what a woman might do to me. Hell hath no fury even if you know you are right. There are millenniums of injustice. No God, no freedom, no immortality, no justice, but we must believe in these things with a sense of duty. We must always do the right thing so we can do the things we love. Otherwise people will think about us, and unfortunately, we can only make people think.

Looking back I might humble myself to the memory of Aurora. I knew her in the second grade. She was my first love. Something was attractive about her in the holy light of an angel. Aurora came from a foreign land where she had visions of the Virgin Mary. She was from Guatemala. The stories of her visions as a child not only kept the class

captivated, but I fell in love with the thought of seeing my own visions in what I saw of her. In migraines you see an aura. I saw so much more in Aurora. Aurora actually had an experience with the supernatural in or before the second grade, which she shared in the true enlightenment of spiritual maturity.

This was something that bended my mind with joy. The hope of someday having a brilliant archetype burst through the small span of my conscious ego was something to work towards. In Jungian psychology the incorporation of the Virgin Mary into the trinity of Christ is meant to bring a complete picture to the Western Word. From three to four, while three is striving towards four, which is a feminine number. Numbers have significant meaning in dreams as well.

There is a mathematics entirely devoted to numbers in dreams that take s dates, times, ages, numbers, and formulas, and uses them all in theories and equations that work in a way that defies the logic of numbers. Aurora was the number four, and I was in love with that number. I was in love with wanting to have the spiritual adulthood that she possessed in the second grade. I wanted that type of wisdom at an early age. My mother was a nun, and I wanted to be a creative prodigy if she encouraged me to do things like read. If I could have been Mozart what difference my life direction might have taken.

I remember that Aurora only stayed at the school for a year. Third grade came without her. She returned to Guatemala. She left me with a photograph of flowers in her hair when we received first communion as a class. I still have the photograph. It is also burnt in my memory like a

mathematical archetype in nature. We were both innocent back then. Like flower children. What has become of me that I am like a table or a chair? A thinking thing. The existentialist has no application in a real world setting.

I believe it was also in the second grade that James Lee was born. Lee was the fourth and last child of my mother before she got her tubes tied. His first name was James, and Lee was his middle name. He was named after a great Uncle on my father's side who married my father's Aunt Ester. Ester took the place of my father's mother. I never knew my Grandmother on my father's side. She died when my father served in Vietnam, which not only devastated him, but robbed him of his mind. Poppy was alive and well, but he was a raging and abusive gambler and alcoholic. Ester wanted my brother to be named after my great Uncle's surname, which was Lee. My mother would come home from visiting Ester as the almighty mother in law and take her punching bag frustrations out on her pillow. Better the pillow than me. Hell knows no fury like Helen scorned by my father. I was created in his image, and she was certain to let me know it. I was a *Jedi* on my way to becoming a stupid man with the knowledge of the idiot side.

You don't know the power of the idiot side if you are a right brain savant. You create, you have spatial reasoning beyond compare, and nonverbal communication that speaks volumes of psychic energy with your eyes. But you don't think with words the way you use words to defend yourself, or the way you use words to win an argument with a woman. If that is possible. In fact, you don't use words much at all.

Words seem useless and hard to find. You come to understand John Lennon, and why he might say, “Goo Goo Ga Joob” to make scholars ponder him for centuries to come. There is what your mother says about the monarch of heaven, and then there is what you say about being the Christ child headed for a premature death. Being a *Jedi* was power, but I had a long way to go to become a *Jedi master* of language like my mother as I confront my father. Somehow *Luke* makes me think of a gay priest confronting his father and joining the priesthood in a sad religion. *Jedi's* don't take a wife, or so *Luke* never got involved.

The J’s of the *Jedi* were so strong in my family. My mother chose James, which was my great Uncle’s first name. I always called him Lee in honor of Aunt Ester’s wishes. After all, that was the name he was meant to have. My great Uncle was a tall quiet man, with wrinkled Native American skin. He and Ester lived by the seashore in Rhode Island where we spent many long summer days drifting through the dream of being in paradise. I remember him as the typical Jungian fisherman in body and mind. Ester and my great Uncle never had children. My great Uncle’s death marked the birth of a new Lee, but the advent of death came as no shock. I remember nothing intimate about the relationship with my great Uncle, or Ester, other than the paradise of their house near the beach. He was old. It simply seemed to happen in the ignorance of my bliss. And so my brother James carried the name of Lee. I was the only one who called him Lee. He and I both shared my mother’s fair complexity, and Lee took after my personality type as a creative and intellectual child. I imagine the death did not strike me like lightning, nor did I find it unusual. There was a reincarnated coping

mechanism in the new life of another Lee that shared the intimate characteristics of my own DNA.

I remember I would listen to music that would make me cry. I always loved sad songs, but I always thought of my mother and Lee. We were fair. My Father, Jason, and Justin were more Italian. I did not start shaving until I was thirty something. People thought I was Irish, but it was the Native American blood on my mother's side of the family. Lee was the same way. Even now, as I am older and on my own, Lee is my only brother that I share anything in common with. Him and I are the only ones that attended college. He left college as he found a good job.

I graduated college, but I am an artist and a writer with an Associates Degree in Fine Arts. They celebrate my birthday when I die, but not while I am alive. If of course I am alive when they open Schrodinger's box. I am curious about existence. I want to think outside the box, but life is an infinite recursion of boxes with no alternative but being, and being unreal. Being part of the illusion in my family tree with a book about my Blackfoot Elders. The Sun Came Down by Percy Bullchild was written many years ago about my ancestors. I began to fascinate about it when I began to think I was the master of the absurd. The character Napi never got married, but he pined atop a mountain for all the world to see. The *Jedi* without a cause who might get married like my brother Lee. He found someone. He was dorky like me. He was me without a personality disorder.

I think it was 1984 when I first tuned in to the devil's tool and saw *MTV*. It was the devil's music if I could dance with the devil in the pale

moonlight. There was also *Live Aid*, which seemed to make the devil dance for a worthy cause. My parents thought rock music, or eighties music, was inappropriate for a young Christian boy's naked ears. After all, artists were beginning to come out of the closet. It was something I should never be exposed to.

What if I grew up to be gay? How would my parent's handle the news? No news is good news if all news ends in the obituary, or at the very least, in an institution where I needed to be in psychotherapy for my deviant sexuality. There was no place in the family for me if I grew up to be a queer. I would have to go to church and be reborn. I would have to get down on my knees and pretend to pray because my penis made me inherently evil. There were always institutions. Maybe I liked Boy George, even if my parents and my brothers hated him. But realizing my sexual identity when I reached puberty was a long journey, and sexual expression for me was difficult when I could not form close relationships. I could go either way, or I could enjoy the best of both worlds in a Yin Yang of necessary parts.

MTV was a revolution that I was too young to understand. It brought that sex thing into the house that my parents did not want to discuss. Why did I need sexual education anyway? I had a pet rock that was more intelligent than I was. There was no radio in the house, and eighties music was something that was very new to me. *MTV* was mind bending compared to Saturday morning cartoons, or *Creature Double Feature* with *Godzilla*. Television was the devil's tool when I absorbed myself in *MTV*, and I did not even know what that sex thing was. Yet

there it was in front of my face with the metaphors of poetry and music juxtaposed with wild imagery.

It was not Church where sex was meant to be repressed, and considered a sin punished by Yahweh that I might not return to the garden. And what if Adam and Adam got together, or Eve and Eve got married? How does this compute? They were rewriting the story of Creation before my very eyes in a map of reality created by artists. Creation was not the word of God, but the word of an ignorant man in the Bible who did not have all the facts about life. All the facts I needed to know where in the works of art from the artist of my day and age. *MTV* was so much more than any cartoon that kept me mesmerized with the laws of bending the universe. This was even better than *The Dynamic Duo* and the action packed rocket of *Batman's Bat mobile.* This was music that I never truly knew, or listened to in my life.

Before *MTV* I might have heard Christmas songs. Perhaps I heard the *Monster Mash* on Halloween, or music that reminded me of *Happy Days*. Maybe I heard *The Beatles* when I was driving with my parents, and I did catch a glimpse of something revolutionary. But these were wild images with animated jungles of sound that soared high as Africa in the climax of the first *Live Aid*. They touched the torture of my tormented heart with Don Henley and *The Boys Of Summer*. And it was all associated with imagery that made me dream of touching my television with the inner life of a psychic revolution. To be exposed to the emotional image of music was world-shattering in the mind of a child whose parents said the Rosary. If someone would only tell me

what love was in reality I might understand why dancing was truly a metaphor for sexual activity. I might actually know what the lyrics meant instead of simply enjoying the sight and sound of a blind faith in music that set my soul free. Who would tell me what masturbation was, and why did I need to know? I had a pet rock. Maybe Micheal Jackson might teach me how to *Beat It* while my father told me fortune cookies.

In Saint Patrick's Academy I was given an education that seemed to be like a fairy tale that I would never receive in a public institution. I was first introduced to The Narnia Chronicles by a teacher in the fourth grade who read the books as symbolism according to Christ. This was an unusual education in the mythology of a symbolic language that dared to take my imagination into new frontiers of magic and fantasy. Something about the magical thinking made it a form of witchcraft under the nose of strict Catholicism. The stories introduced me to *The Wardrobe*, or my own private world within the landscape of my own mind. Words of wisdom from a witch, or the high priestess of the fourth grade, filled me with the passion of what images might manifest in deeper layers of my own forest; such was the mind of my guided imagination. I loved her. He name was Mrs. Beth. She was not the typical teacher, like Ms. Hench, who might make me stay after class if I did not write a full report on Gulliver's Travels. That was actually the first book that I read.

I did not begin to read books until the third grade. The people of *Lilliput* held me hostage while I woke in the gateway of fantasy and

magical thinking. From there it was all magic. I might know the ways of magic if I read a book. I might have anything that I desire. I might become Christ while I learn to perform my own miracles. What greater gift than a world away that I might create my own world someday. Not simply knowing the world of another author, but becoming an author. Worlds like The War Of The Worlds, and all possible words that might evolve from the space time continuum. To dream of worlds and imagine entire civilizations while I am held hostage by the people of *Lilliput.* Books, like the database of human existence, real or imagined, in the library of what I might dream.

A woman never brought me anything but misery, but I will give them credit for this: They gave me books as a gift that I might give them a book as a gift. After all, women are the majority of the audience that enjoys reading. I found this to be true as a writer and published author. Becoming a writer is how you truly meet women of a higher class if it is intellect that you are attracted to. Learn to write. That is how you get the catches. Unless you write horror with venom, but then again, some women like the darkness if it is more than just a comic book about your dog. They mature faster than men, and they don't want a boy with a dog. They want the gentle man of horror like Peter Cushing. Someone renowned in his field of neuroscience.

Mrs. Beth was the first teacher that I fell in love with. I was always attracted to intellect. I sought out those who are of the same or greater maturity. I wanted to find the futants. That's what I did. We are more than just our physical body, and we visit each other in a meaningful

coincidence. There is a genetic futant caste wired for the role of evolutionary agent. One who foresees and fabricates the future. The futants want evolution, and they find it in proportions. I met a futant online in my search for a teacher that I might fall in love with. She thought I was not a futant, but a monkey with a mirror. I did not foresee and fabricate the future the way I thought I might. I was hoping to evolve the next dimension in human consciousness, but I fell short of what she wanted.

I have come to fall in love with many teachers over the course of my life. I have had many excellent teachers in life other than my parents. My parents always seemed to fail me by protecting me from reality. They did not talk much to me about life other than talking to me about the church where they wanted me to have a religious life. In my early years I had a religious life in the community, and teachers like Mrs. Beth provided me with something magical where I already had magical thinking.

She became pregnant with a child halfway through the school year. The child miscarried. I remember attending the funeral as part of the religious community at Saint Patrick's. At the time, I did not quite understand the reason why, or what truth was hidden in the reality of the dead. Perhaps *The Lion* was the supernatural story of her child as she had a psychic connection with the internal world of what her child might suffer in the womb. My ignorance of reality kept me oblivious in my own world of bliss and imaginative thought. I never saw an open casket at a wake. I never understood why there needed to be the wake

and the funeral. The reason people might grieve in respect of having lost a loved one eluded me. I was never truly close to death. In fact, I did not understand what death was, as if I had no concept. Perhaps my mind was too young, or I did not have empathy. I did not know what empathy was. I had no concept. I might have had cognitive empathy, but my emotions did not grasp the weight of what death was. I did not know why people died, or what happened to them.

The fact that Mrs. Beth's child had never been born never made me think about pro-life, or pro-choice. Abortion was something that was new, and it was something that we were just beginning to be educated about. There was not such a serious debate over the subject at the time like there was in the nineties. I did not know her child being born in life, but we mourned the death of the baby as though it had lived in the womb where life began. I did not truly question it, or know why I might have to, until years later when my father protested abortion on the front lines. I don't know why he felt so passionately about abortion as a means of proving he was a man by getting arrested. He had to stand up for his shit, and he wrote to my brothers and myself from jail, “A man has to do what a man has to do.” It was as if he was a frightening invalid on prophetic mission who stood up for his shit instead of providing for the family.

That was my father's religious work while he was high on marijuana ever since he came home from Vietnam. “What's the truth?” he would always ask when Clinton was in office. If he knew the truth he might have told me the facts of life when I reached puberty, but he wanted to

be a priest. Do what has been done to you, and seek forgiveness for yours sins. I had teachers with wisdom, but they did not listen to Rush Limbo on the psychic network. They were true psychics. They were people who knew the truth.

It was in the fourth grade that the class also visited Mrs. Beth's house. I remember she left the class alone in her living room. There was a book about The Joy Of Sex on the coffee table. It was about time someone tried to talk to me with a book about the facts of life. My father wanted to pretend that life had no facts. He wanted to speak in cliches and fortune cookies. Mrs. Beth was the teacher that taught us how to think outside of the box. There were books other than the Bible. The Bible didn't teach people The Joy Of Sex. The Bible taught people the sins of the flesh. There were actually books about joy that deviated from the Biblical catastrophe. Happy, happy, joy, joy! And to think, it all began with Gulliver's Travels. It was the gateway into a world of words where I might imagine images of words in my mind. To think, everyone who ever read Gulliver's Travels has conjured a world in their own imagination that is unique to them, but inspired by the same words. How many different versions of the same world exist if we photograph what people imagine of the words that were written in the stone of just one book? And now The Joy Of Sex with so many positions to imagine. If only my penis did not make me inherently evil. The universe might have happened for the soul purpose of my sexual organ. The universe might be an orgasm. Man thinks about sex several times a day. He weighs every woman as a potential sexual partner, unless he is homosexual, or impotent, or Micheal Jackson, but even he

had a woman despite the torment in his life. If a man is one of those frightening invalids on a prophetic mission he will ignore a woman entirely.

I sized them up. I had an interest, but I was a weirdo. I was the only one in the class who could create a masterpiece like triangle man. Amy was a classmate who used to torment me. “Anything a boy can do a girl can do better.” But it was the feminist Camille Paglia herself who said, “There is no female Mozart because there is no female Jack the Ripper.” Why are there no frightening female invalids on their prophetic mission? What if I was Mozart in a former life, and I inherited all of his music as my own internal landscape? I might go through life feverishly mad to fulfill prophecy.

I did not truly notice Maggie until the fifth grade. Unlike Aurora, she was a creative type and a fan of *Duran Duran*. She reminded me of *Strawberry Short Cake*, which would have tasted sweet enough to produce my first wet dream. Unfortunately, I was biologically too young to know the wisdom of such dreams. Not even knowing what masturbation was, I truly did not understand my motives in knowing her. Yet I surrounded myself with *Duran Duran* music, and the paraphernalia of the *Wild Boys,* in an attempt to encounter the secret world that attracted me to her mysterious mind. I even took on the appearance of the boys in the band with a Sassoon hair style that made me feel effeminate. I dressed in the style of the eighties that I found at *K-Mart* with my pink fluorescent tie and yellow fluorescent shorts. Unfortunately, I was not Simon Le bon. I was the nerd. I was the

oddball of the *K-Mart Wardrobe,* the *K-Mart Lion*, and the *K-Mart Witch*. I lived in the *Narnia* of *Strawberry Short Cake* that had yet to be impressed by the sweet dream of wet wonder. I never attracted her attention, nor did I attract her friendship. In fact, I actually repelled her.

I did not know why *Strawberry Shortcake* was so exciting. She was made of sugar and spice and everything nice. Her brain smelled so spicy, and I was a zombie that wanted to know why *Duran Duran* turned her on. I was trying to get inside her head and find a common interest. She was new wave, and she was everything I wanted about the future. She had an older brother, and an older sister that was an artist who eventually attended The Rhode Island School Of Design. She was art, and I wanted to eat her. I was hungry for a friend of the opposite sex that was my own age who could enlighten me about the new wave of the new age that I saw on *MTV*. To be an artist meant knowing an artist. I wanted to know what made her follow in the footsteps of her older sister as she knew the secret of *MTV* and why I watched it. I stopped watching *MTV* after they started televising *The Real World*. They revolutionized television, and they changed reality, but it was not music television.

I was so heart broken that Maggy would not be my best friend. I never made friends my own age, and I did not know why they wrote songs about dancing if I could not dance. I might become *Mr. Bo Jangles*. People might ask me to dance, but I might make an ass out of myself dancing with my dog if I wanted my most imaginary friend. I did not know what to do. My life was in so much turmoil and I was in a

desert of despair. I was an emotional wasteland, and life was not worth living. I turned to the underground lair of my room where I might meditate upon my failure to understand what made a woman go wild.

I was about eleven or twelve at the time. There was something attractive about the girls. They were made of sugar and spice and everything nice, or so that was their claim to fame when I was at that age. Whatever a boy could do they could do better, and what did I have to offer if I was not Mozart? If I was not Jack the Ripper how could I outsmart a woman? What would they see in me if I could do nothing better? Maybe I could be scary if that was my claim to fame. I found a deep psychological fascination with *The Police* and the album *Synchronicity*. Sting became my new hero of the Fortress that I might build around the heart of a woman's soul. *Every step You Take* and *Murder By Numbers*.

I entered the dark realm of my room with my pet mice while they gave birth. I had pets other than my rock. My rock did not multiply, and I did not know why. Being a young scientist I found a fascination with the maze of reproduction organs in the labyrinth of my mice where the cheese was meant to be gold. If my rock was gold I was the alchemist. I was the master of puppets in the maze of reproductive organs that gave birth to my fortunate wisdom.

My father finally told me the secret of *MTV* where my mice danced for my pleasure. They had many wonders that I watched multiply. That was when I first heard the word, "vagina." But that was all I heard when my father spoke a fortune cookie. I don't remember being told about a

vagina in church. I did not know how people reproduced in the church if sex was something that they did not teach. Thank Mrs Beth for teaching me how to think outside the box, or I might become a sexually immature priest with a religious life that my father wanted me to have. There was science, and it blinded me with an intelligent design. It was so mind boggling I could not take care of all the mice that I brought into the world by joining male and female counterparts in a cage match. I kept my journal, and I remember crying when I had to bring the mice back to the pet store. I did not write my deep thoughts. I only wrote the things that I did. I remember writing that I cried. It was such an emotional time in my life to give life away. I turned to my toys and my colored pencils to contemplate my *Lego Castle* and the matrix of the masculine psyche. Sting, *Synchronicity*, and the deep and dark thoughts that I might someday write in my journal.

I believe it was Adam that I found as my only true childhood friend. He was a young African American boy without a father. Adam was in Justin's class, but he was mature for his age. He knew things such as the neighborhood, which I had never been exposed to. He lived with his mother and her family. His father was an African American and his mother's family was Irish. He was a mixed nationality with a darker skin. I never heard much about his father other than the fact that he once owned a Corvette. I don't believe Adam truly heard much about his father either. Robin was his mother, whom I adored. She was a *Culture Club Fan*. I never thought that Boy George was so unusual that he might frighten me, or make me want to hurt him. Not only did I want to be a *Chameleo*n. I wanted to be David Bowie. I wanted to be

the master of reality.

I spent many nights sleeping over and spending time with the McCauley's, but I don't remember prejudice in their company. If I was queer, or Adam was black, it didn't truly matter when we were still children. I did not know my penis might make me inherently evil until I hit puberty. I had anger that I repressed. It showed through in violent eruptions with cooling off periods. I spent a lot of time in my room, but having a friend outside of the house was a good escape from the family situation. I started to grow my hair long at that age. Robin used to call me Goldy Locks.

Adam became a true friend. We were all part of the Saint Patrick's community. We played *G.I. JOE*, and I became a soldier like Adam. But the war was a game that never manifested. We lived under the protection of Reagan and the *Star Wars* that fathered the country as a safe world in the Cold War. Adam and I never fought. We always got along great as bosom buddies. The McCauley's always welcomed me as part of the family. Even if I was a slightly odd and eccentric artist. Adam and I often spent quality time drawing in his mother's apartment. Adam always dressed in army fatigues.

Adam had many uncles who served in the military, and Ethan was the youngest. One of his uncles actually served in the Secret Service. There were pictures of him with Reagan. Ethan was a few years older than I was. I do remember that he and Adam had a close relationship, but Ethan, wanting to be a Marine, could be a tormenting ball buster. Ethan and Adam were quite the comic companions. I remember that I

became a huge fan of Tom Hanks and the show *Bosom Buddies* that was popular at the time. It was where Tom Hanks got his big break, and being someone who wanted a friend, I got my big break. That was how I felt about my friendship with Adam as I never had a friend before.

My class at school was filled with girls. I was one of the few boys in a small class, and none of the girls wanted to be friends with me. All I wanted was a friend, but they always rejected me, and laughed at me. I believe I became a misogynist at that age when I looked at my generation and what Madonna was doing to me. As if I was her boy when I wanted to be Mozart. I wanted to be the master of all reality who knew how to outsmart Madonna on a cosmic chessboard of four dimensions where I look down upon her with brain candy. If I could only be a gentle man of horror who masters my generation with neuroscience in a big brain theory of the universe. I might be a Marine who served my country while Madonna was to be barefoot and pregnant with an alien.

I truly admired the McCauley's sense of honor and duty towards their country. To have a sense of duty. To know that God is watching, and to have honor. To be the few, the proud, the Marines. I might be able to handle the truth if I became a Marine. Even if my father did not know the truth there was a chance that I might know everything and recall it at once in the space time continuum. I might act as though there was a God, and I might do the right thing in every given situation with honor.

On special occasions the McCauley's welcomed me as part of the

family. Often times I felt like I got be one of the guys. Adam never did teach me how to be "Down." I never learned how to tie my shoes with those fat laces. I never learned how to break dance on cardboard. I never got the terms "Toy Boy." I never picked up on the masculine lingo of the neighborhood. But it didn't matter. We never needed to pretend to be anyone other than *G.I. Joe*. I had all the action figures of the first series that hit the toy store. *Toys R Us* was a castle made in the backyard of Carl Jung's unconscious fantasies where we regressed into the magic of being soldiers of the psyche.

Adam was a great friend in the good old days, and the McCauley's were a family away from home. Like most childhood friendships, Adam and I grew apart. We simply took on different interests in our path in life. I don't recall why, but maybe it was the difference in age. It might have been the difference in race and sexuality, but I did not grasp those things at the time. I still liked groups like *Duran Duran*, and maybe I was not a Marine. Maybe I was a weird, and eccentric, socially inept nerd that could not pretend to be cool. I did not help that family eventually moved out of the city where I attended public school. We lost touch, and I moved to a town were people were racist.

I never found another friend like Adam; a true guy friend that was a bosom buddy in the role playing *G.I.JOE* of the neighborhood. It was a shame. He was my childhood friend when I could not make real friends. I would make friends with the racist high class in the Italian neighborhood with the power of the idiot side in my father, and the sins of the father. I'd never call anyone a friend the way I had a friend in

Adam. Something about childhood makes friendship so easy to come by. In childhood you don't create walls the way you do as an adult. Hanging on in quiet desperation for whatever reason. It's the English way with *Pink Floyd*. It was the way my grandparents went, as though someone ever shows you the way if you don't find your own way.

I remember all the while I was on special diets for allergies, and whatever illnesses my mother could find in me to explain my migraines. Whatever she could do to create an invalid, and then expect me to take care of myself later in life. Like Stephen King and It. The story of overcoming childhood trauma where the mother lives through one of the main characters. He keeps his virginity. Most likely because of his mother, and he does not reveal it until the very end. Let me foreshadow with a scary spider to conclude this book. As long as my mother kept me ill, I was going to be subject to the illness of her dominance as an overbearing figure.

Migraines were something I had to learn to live with, or I was not going to survive the realities of life according to a Doctor that we saw in Boston. I was placed on many different medications such as Fiorenal and Ritalin. Doctor visits were frequent, and nothing prevented or cured the vomiting demonic possession of what ailed me. I was an emotional child with a world of torment in the suffering that I had to endure if I wanted to build a tolerance to accept the reality of life's lessons. My mother was a dominating ex nun that had me living regressively as the sick child.

My father was seldom involved in raising me. I heard the word

“vagina,” but would I know what it tasted like? My father might have told me to wear a hat, or a helmet when it came to a migraine, but I never heard him speak the word “condom.” He might have told me to grin and bear the pain in silence. Being a man meant being like my father. It meant being dominated by my mother. It meant learning about life in silence with the monarch of heaven. My only words were, “Goo Goo Ga Joob.” If I could talk I'd tell you, but what did I have to say that was significant? If I was John Lennon I'd write songs for scholars to ponder for centuries to come, but I was always sick. I can't imagine life any other way. *Imagine* that.

I remember I often fought with Jason. I felt rage that mother accepted him as the elder child. Jason matured faster than I did in many levels of social and physical growth that left me wondering if I might always be sick. I might always be the obsessive compulsive creative disorder in the stunted growth of my medication. Violent outbursts erupted between my brother and I in a serious of fist fights that left my mother helplessly wondering if I was possessed by the devil. It left me helplessly wondering why she wanted Jason to kill me, as if I was a burden that made her life a living hell. As if I belonged in the family to begin with.

There were always institutions for people like me who did not belong with their family. There were always prisons, and correctional facilities for odd and eccentric creative types with the violent outbursts due to the repressed anger of a feminine personality. Even more complex where the migraines, and Mozart. If my mother was Madonna

she would be barefoot and pregnant with an alien. And damn it all to hell, I would become my own father. I might wear the pants in the family when my mother made my father wear a diaper.

I remember I also had a meatotomy, which is an alteration in the penis where the underside of the glans is split to let the urine flow. My mother had me in diapers before the operation, and then she had me cut me where I live. "Look at what she did to me!" from the mouth of a child who was going to discover that his penis is the reason the universe was created. Cut! As if every woman was Lorena Bobbitt. My sexual organs made me inherently evil, and if they had their way I might not have a penis. There is no other reason why I suffered from impotence when I was with a woman. This has never happened to me before is what men usually say, but I say I was mutilated by Madonna.

Jason was going to suffer the consequences of what my mother did to me. Now I had the middle child syndrome. Not *Marsha, Marsha, Marsha*...but Jesus on mars, Jesus on acid, Jesus on the outer reaches of the imagination, and so on and so forth until Jesus is the Anti-Christ. From that moment I swore revenge. Even if a *Jedi* does not take revenge I pledged allegiance to *Pinky And The Brain*. If I was brain candy, the hell I would raise with my diaper in adult day care.

There finally came the hospitalization at Bradley. This was my first introduction to the insanity of the psyche ward as a child. It was where the other children were left for dead in the ink blot games of the psychiatric field. I was also abandoned as the outcast in my own family. Unconsciously I knew my mother was castrating me in the sickness that

she condemned me to. That is why I acted out. That is why I raised hell. Even George Lucas thought twice about changing the Title of *Return Of the Jedi.* A *Jedi* would never take revenge, but my mother believed I belonged institutionalized.

The Doctors at Bradley gave me the official diagnosis of clinical depression. People with a schizotypal personality disorder are often hospitalized for depression and anxiety. Those are the major complaints. In group therapy I mentioned that I had suicidal thoughts. My mother said I was breaking her heart, and my father said nothing. The therapist said that my brothers and I needed my father in our lives.

He was working third shift at the Training School at the time. They called it the "Bad Boy School." It was a correctional facility for juveniles. He dealt with these things all the time, as if boys simply fight. This was a normal altercation in the fact of brothers and the reality of life. He even encouraged Jason and myself to fight. He never broke things up. But of course I was headed towards my father. I was headed towards the training school because of my parent's poor parenting skills. They did not know how to deal with me so they dumped me with the professionals who did not know how to deal with me. All throughout my life my problems came from my family who never wanted me. I never found a family of friends until I found myself in trouble with the law as a teenager. Those type of friends are not the type of friends that I wanted to keep. Eventually, I became an informant who did not know much, but I had a fist full of words to hit people with my ignorance. I was going to rule the world with an iron fist, and no one was going to

tell me anything. They were going to talk about me like I did not exist, and they were going to talk at me like I was a table or a chair. But I would never know what was going on.

Time passed at Bradly. I was very quiet. I worked on calligraphy, and my art. I played *Atari*. I had positive role models there. Other kids my age had serious problems with their parents, and with drugs. I felt I could not relate. I remember assaulting my roommate because no one knew why I was there. I decided to act out. It was the only way I could talk. It was the only way I could prove to the doctor that there was something wrong with me. Why else was I there, but because of my outbursts? I would have an outburst and show them.

I returned home to once again play *Atari* with my brothers. But I never forgot that my mother had me hospitalized. I never forgot that Jason took my birth right as my mother's eldest son. There was psychotherapy when I came home, and there was chess with my therapist. We played war games in the art of war that exercised my mind over my fists. We never did much talking. We played a lot of Chess. I never won, but he taught me how to play the game. Learning to play chess on the board was an early introduction to the mind games of the mental health system. My parents left me to fend for myself in the psychiatric field with games that made God dead in the obituary of <u>The New York Times.</u>

I truly found no God. I found a new name as the poster child who was destined to end up at the Training School. I was destined to end up in prison as an adult. There were institutions, or there was the street.

There was homelessness. I had no friends, and I could not make friends. I could only make people think. People would come to judge me for the rest of my life as someone who should be put away over a fist fight with my brother. He had all the friends. He took people away from me.

From this, family made me feel as though I should get used to those bars, and they never forgave me. I became the black sheep at an early age. Whatever faith they had in whatever God they had became something of a joke that I no longer believed in. Like an Andy Kaufman joke that only he understood. I thought I might think of my own joke to play on my family as I decided to become an author. Vengeance from the grave just like Ozzy. But even George Lucas thought twice about the title of *Return Of The Jedi.* A *Jedi* would never take revenge. He would use his brain. He would use *the force* to construct a symphony like Mozart. If *Jupiter Allegro* proved the existence of God then I will prove the existence of aliens, which become my family.

Family was still of major importance in aunts, uncles, and cousins. But family was different in a way. Now God punished me as the criminal mastermind of violent outbursts that needed cooling off periods like Jack the Ripper. Get used to those bars, and get used to people thinking. I can only make people think. I might grow up to be Jack The Ripper because of my childhood, and because I acted out like a volcano. I was sure to join histories great dark hall of fame in hell on earth. Hell on earth, or hell in the afterlife. Hell in my head. Do I have to kill people, or can I think it? It is just a thought. It is a thought that betrays

Christ.

I don't recall that I truly returned to the religious community. I don't recall that I truly believed in the love of Christ, or prayed for anything but the music to end. Mozart went on, and on, and on, in the house of infinite recursion. There was nothing in heaven or hell that stopped the beauty if his torture. Nothing but the fever of his own requiem. If it was the judgment day that he created for himself as he left his greatest passion upon the face of the earth then I was going to be a meteor shower. I might burst into tears like an orange if I came into contact with the earth.

To touch me was to touch the dream when suddenly it was Eddie that died. She died of heart failure in her sleep. She was my father's sister, and my Aunt. At the time we were close to my father's family. This is when we were planning to move to North Providence, and when I lost touch with Adam. We were achieving a greater status in life, but we were moving to a town that was predominantly Italian and culturally challenged. It was where the rich people lived, and the suburban downfall had not yet begun. There were no black people in the Mafia, and people were gangsters with money. I did not know what the Italian lifestyle was all about, but part of me always believed that all Italians had connections when I saw my father's side of the family. The whole family was on the made side the way we were stepping up in life. The family even bought a new Van. The Plymouth Voyager was a material possession that took the place of Eddie while we were moving on up in the world. Maybe one day I might expose what little I knew about the

family to the world, but in all honesty, I never knew my family. I was too ignorant to reveal anything. I lived in my inner world. I had insight into myself. I internalized life.

I remember when I heard the news of Eddie's death. I had a difficult time reaching empathy. I was aloof and lost in my own world as if I was somewhat autistic, and as if I belonged in an institution. I had no feelings. I never heard my father cry; not like that. I thought he needed to get a grip on himself, and I did not get it. Death was that significant that it made my father cry in hysterics. I could not grasp the concept, and people only died in theory. Death was not certain, and none of us have ever been dead. There was no evidence from hearing about other people die that proved I might someday die, or that death was real. It was all a cosmic comedy, and someday *Oz* was going to come out from behind the curtain and reveal the truth with the surprise of the dead. They were joking me. I swore they were joking me, as if death itself was a practical joke that they were playing on me. *The Body Snatchers* took them in pods, and replaced them with different people that looked just the same, but death did not happen. The universe itself did not happen even if it was true. It only happened in theory. Pure thought, like a mathematical equation. It was early morning, and I thought I was dreaming of my father who woke me up hysterical. I went back to my room, and I went back to sleep. Nothing hit me, and there was nothing I understood.

Looking back I have one memory of Eddie gently placing her hands beside her head as if to imply she was going to sleep. The entire family

was devastated. My mother was close to Eddie, and broke down whenever she heard *That's What Friends Are For* by Dionne Warwick. We were moving up in life, but the entire family lost their mind in the process. I made it a point to attend the wake. I made it my priority, but I did not feel anything whatsoever, nor did I understand why people would gather over an open casket. When I went to the wake it was as if nothing happened, until I saw her in her graceful slumber. I broke down like lighting hitting a tree. It struck me with floodgates of an uncontrollable river. People, such as my Uncle Dennis, would approach me and tell me not to cry. I had no idea how they could keep it contained. She was dead, suddenly, and at an early age. The Church became a celebration of death in the stages of the cross. Christ cried a river on the stained glass. There was no more birth, but the Plymouth Voyager that carried the loose possessions of our house off of Chalkstone Ave to a teenage wasteland in North Providence. I was headed for Junior High in a public school where I knew nothing, and no one knew my name. But I knew my Aunt had died, and I grasped the concept. I cried uncontrollably in synchronicity with my father in my own journey to realize why he was in hysterics. Empathy, like that of reaching reality. Like that of touching death with my tongue and tasting it like shit. Why auntie, why? If we share this nightmare we can dream of synchronicities, which became my only means of touching base with my fellow human being. My only true reality.

Eddie had a scholarship fund established in her name. My own education was going to suffer with no common ground to walk on, and I was going to reach puberty. Eddie was going to watch me destroy my

life with drugs and alcohol from beyond the grave where I might imagine her remembering me cry. Not only for her, but for the way I was, and the dog that replaced my God. I was going to build a religion around my dog with Syd Barrett and *The Wall*. There was no more church for me. There was the church that I was going to evolve in proportions with contact from alien life that came to visit me through the inner space of my psyche. Faster than light travel was still a dream until I had the dream where I saved people from dying by creating an alternative to death. This would not take effect until I became a published author. Not until I found a crack in time where I could master the space time continuum. Not until science blinded me with an intelligent design like Peter Cushing. The gentle man of horror, and the greatest Doctor Frankenstein to grace the silver screen. That the monster might seek his master and ask why he was created. A confrontation with my own Shadow. It is deeply disturbing.

"Are you sure you're making the right decision? I think we should stop." ~ *HAL*

TRAID

Mozart The Ripper Of all Reality

“Geometry enlightens the intellect and sets one's mind right.”

~ Ibn Khaldun~

With the death of Eddie, my family situation, my time at Bradly, and the move to North Providence, I felt a terrible anger in me that I could exercise as a football player. Along with Jason and Justin I joined the North Providence Jets in the summer before I attended middle school in Centredale of North Providence. I made starting position as a wide receiver on offense, and defensive end on defense. I found the anger of my life could be channeled in a positive direction if I applied myself to a rugged sport. I could fight with fury in an organized sport and express my hatred as the master of reality. Adam was on the team, but he was the only black person to play in a town that was predominately Italian. I was the only one in my group who made starting position. My brothers, and their friends from the old school joined, but I was the leader with an iron fist that I might shake at Jesus. I would rule the world with an iron fist, and nothing would stop me. Not even Jason, or my mother, could keep me from becoming a God unto myself. The frightening invalid had muscle with the tall and thin body that worked out every Saturday at Practice in order to exercise my own justice. In order to punish people, and to punish God, the way I was punished. If there was not a God people created one so I could feel foolish in his hands as I questioned him with the might of my own will. That will alone was the force that I used to make myself known in a new town with the repressed anger of the Ripper. If the opposing team was the civilized world I was a terrorist who terrified my mother like psycho in the belief that I might make football out of mankind. But I did not go to prison for tackling Jason in football. I put the pads on, and made believe it was any different than a fist fight with Jason that might get me arrested as an adult. After all, I was the eldest with the middle child

syndrome. Jesus on mars, Jesus on acid, Jesus on the outer reaches of the imagination, and so on and so forth until Jesus is the Anti-Christ with a football scholarship to the college of my choice. The Rhode Island School Of Design, and my mother. Nothing was going to stop me from becoming the quarterback of my own genius. A God unto myself with an effeminate anger and hatred.

We tied Johnston for the championship in a defensive game where there was no score. I remember we lost to them in preseason. They crushed us by a wide margin. I cried like a little girl in the middle of my little world. I was going to burn with the God of Hell Fire if I did not redeem myself in the championship. And just the same, if I did not redeem myself in life. Who might I become but the God of Alternity in a room full of mirrors with no hope of escape. There had to be an anomaly in reality like a fictional object that does not yet exist. There had to be a *Monolith* with a gateway to the afterlife.

When school started at Centredale in the town of North Providence I was still the oddball. I remember the first day of school I wore a sweatshirt that said “Playmate.” Indeed, I was meant to be the queer with a queer sense of humor. People received me as the effeminate weirdo with the repressed anger of all reality. That I might master reality with a funny name. I came to make an impression in a way that might make them ask why on earth I came in the first place. Even if I was a character like a square peg in a round hole that is characteristic of a schizotypal, I found that I belonged among my peers in my own delusional fantasies.

I was from a Catholic school, and now I went public where the kids thought they could kick my ass, but I played football. Girls were obsessed with me, even if I truly had no idea, or understanding why I hurt them in the distance of my still prepubescent state. They were attractive and I enjoyed the company of being admired. If I only knew what to do with them the way they danced in the street like Mic Jaguar and the Rolling Stones, I might be rock and roll. I might not become Mozart the Ripper who loves classical music in the shower scene in Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho* where a boy's best friend is his mother. I might find satisfaction.

I remember I broke Nichole Ibach's heart, when I chose to be friends with Donna. It lasted about a week before Donna broke up with me. I was too young. Nichole never got over it, and she didn't have a problem letting me know that I hurt her. I never bothered with the girls in North Providence again. Eventually Nichole died of an overdose in high school. I never went to the funeral, but Jason did. He fell in love with her. I never had a definition of love. It did not belong in my vocabulary.

I believe it was the summer before the eighth grade that I finally reached puberty after my medications had stunted my growth. The slightest change in the way the wind might blow turned me on, and joy had a new definition. Unfortunately, my parents lived a religious life that left me to educate myself about the facts of life. The facts of life that I learned were confused in why no one told me what was happening to my body. I was Adam in the strong religious shame of

Eden. There was no Eve, and Yahweh, or my father, taught me the silent game of what I learned in my own wet dreams. The faith of my parents did little to teach me anything, or expose me to any truth other than the shame of my body and why I should be ashamed of a natural human experience. On the plus side, masturbation was a gift in the alleviation of my migraines. I no longer needed addictive medication, or any other medication that might stunt my growth.

When I hit puberty it was then that I truly realized I was attracted to boys my own age. This also included a very strong attraction to my brother Justin who was a couple of years younger than me. I developed incestuous feelings and issues. The fact that my father did not speak, but only have his fun with me confused me even more. My father never treated my brothers the way he treated me, and then I always got punished to my room. Sometimes for days where I slept with a knife, but I should not write about it. My father has sensitive feelings. Of course I was special. I was an atheist scientist that people called Satan, and I needed to be forgiven for my father's incestuous feelings.

My father would fight about the sexual problem in the house with my mother, but he of all people wanted to be a priest. I hated it when people told me I was just like my father every time I called the kettle black. There was not a witch hunt until Bill Clinton came into office when I realized I was a witch. My room became my freedom as I practiced the witchcraft of prison. I remember watching the movie *The Lawn Mover Man* where the main character who is mentally challenged achieves the accelerated education of a God with the aid of virtual

reality. It frightened my father because he saw himself in the priest that took the role of the father in the movie. Someday I was going to mow lawns, and *The Lawn Mover Man* was going to be in my father's head. Father who art in heaven...heaven is laughter, and nobody laughs anymore.

The next year at school came around and I withdrew in puberty. I found employment as a paperboy and spent a great deal of time collecting and counting my money. I would buy football cards, and video games for the *Nintendo* that warped my mind with the hand eye coordination of *The Pinball Wizard.* I always liked Pete Townsend. It did not phase me if he had child pornography, for whatever reason, if he was uncovering abuse in his life. I still like him. He thinks that no one knows what it is like to be the bad man, but I did. Kids in school introduced me to pornography, but I needed to be forgiven by a priest because masturbation was fun and Eddie was watching. I remember when my friend Matt first showed me lesbians. Did that blow my mind back then when they were still perverted. I might paint an entire reality with a gateway into a perverted paradise where I was *The Pinball Wizard*. Matt was probably the closest thing I had to a friend in the eighth grade.

In school I excelled in my art classes, and I decided to drop out of the football league. During the eighth grade, I received a small scholarship to attend an art class at Rhode Island College. I did not make friends with my withdrawn personality during the onset of puberty, but I enjoyed my personal interests in the creative process. I

was highly creative, which upset my teachers in other fields of study such as French, Math, and Social Studies. I did not care about subjects other than art, and I did not apply my full potential towards my education. Teachers saw my intelligence in my creativity, and they expected my intelligence to show through in every aspect of the learning process. The creative process was just as much fun as masturbation, and personal growth became masturbation.

I honestly never wanted to graduate the eighth grade and go to North Providence High School where I was certain not to fit in. I had no idea what a schizotypal personality disorder was. I did not know about the mental health profession, or the diagnosis that explained my creative and violent mind with difficultly getting close. It is a paranoid personality disorder with a strong distrust of others. Virtually impossible to get close. Especially in expressing myself sexually. Schizotypals often end up being bullied, and they find creative outlets outside of society. People with this disorder are the square peg in the round hole while their peers fit so easily into their round holes. It makes it very difficult to have a sense of belonging. It is often inherited, and magical thinking is the foundation of thought with eccentric behavior. Why did I live again, and again, and again without results? It was something eccentric that I did. Schizotypy is a watered down version of schizophrenia. It comes from my parents in a prebirth memory where I chose them. Company is a necessary evil, but I never enjoy it. I think of suicide when people try to get close, as if they are zombies in a zombie apocalypse. I isolate. I found this diagnosis in my own research when I came across an article in Scientific America. The article was called The

Unleashed Mind: Why Creative People Are Eccentric, which was written by Shelly Carson. It spoke to me more than the book Touched With Fire, which was written by Kay Redfield Jamsion about Bipolar and creativity.

Eventually I would receive an official diagnosis called a Schizo-affective Bipolar type disorder, but I never understood it in all of my reading. I could never relate to the official diagnosis, or the diagnosis of Bipolar disorder. The Schizotypal was something that I looked into. It explained so much about my personality that I already knew in relation to other disorders that I have been diagnosed with that did not seem to make sense. Looking back on my life , my thinking, my social structure, and my education, it is clear to me why I never made friends and why I never held onto them.

I had no friends going into North Providence High School. I knew people from Centredale, but I did not keep in touch with anyone over the summer. I was a loner, and when I started school I no longer attracted girls. I pushed girls away after I hurt Nichole. I had no idea a girl could feel so strongly about me and make me regret it for going my own way. At Saint Patrick's Academy the girls hated me, and they laughed at me. I did not want them tormenting me with foolish nonsense when I was Mozart, the Ripper of all reality. Besides, I was awkward in puberty, and I hit it late in life. It made me feel bizarre about sexual expression. I was alone all the time as a freshmen. The first year at the school was very lonely. I did not have much in the way of my family, and my room was my castle. I only took one art class, which was drawing. I also got a name as an individual who was

obsessed with male bodies. I was always drawing the male form in my notebook. That is what I always did in class. I never paid much attention to any of my teachers in any of my subjects. All I ever did was draw. I don't recall that I learned anything my freshman year.

Halfway through the year I had my tonsils removed. I fell behind in each of my classes and never caught up on the work. I failed the first year as a freshmen. After three quarters of the year I stopped going to classes all together. I had no chance of catching up on my work when all I did was draw and sleep in class. I remember I could not find friends so I found places to sleep where I could disappear in a crowd. I simply wanted to hide my head in a dream because I felt so awkward socially. I was obsessed with male bodies like Da Vinci, and I wanted to create my own code that deviated from the society of *Italian Stallions.* Everyone wanted to be a tough guy and prove themselves in a gang of guidos, or hippy Satanists. The alternative crowd of artists and intellectuals was just beginning. The only thing new in the mainstream was *Welcome to the Jungle.* I was not a fan of high school. It reminded me of a prison system. Not a place of learning. Not a library. Reality was going to be a prison. An education is time.

I remember buying one of those scooters with the money I saved. I only came to discover I bought a stolen scooter that landed me in court with my father. I got a slap on the wrist and nothing else was said. Yet it was a beautiful freedom to ride around the neighborhood with my first taste of independence until I got stopped by the police. If being independent meant being a criminal I was going to have independent

thoughts. I was going to do things my own way out of my own innovative engine, and it did not matter if the engine broke down. On the road to realize my own two feet I was going to find myself walking on my hands with the gravity of the moon.

I had a paper route that kept me focused in my solitary journeys throughout the desert of my self-motivated mind. I spent my time collecting and counting my money. I spent so much time collecting and counting my money that I would iron the dollar bills on my parent's ironing board. I put my faith in my paper friends. One day I would be rich and famous. Often times I thought of what physical discomfort I should endure as my penance for power. If they trusted in God they should have put Christ on the dollar bill. Christ was never on my canvas. The independence of financial wealth appealed to me in my desire to become an independent individual. In my desire to become the master of all reality, or the master of the absurd, I might do time for my thoughts. There has to be penance for the power to change reality.

The second year at North Providence High School came around. I was a second time freshman, or an immature sophomore that already knew the rules that I could break. All sophomores know everything there is to know about life, and I was the wise veteran of the male bodies. My brother Jason was welcome at the school his first year. He had friends that already knew him. Often times, attractive girls that already knew him would ask me, "Are you Jason Gemma's brother?" It was my second year and no one knew me. Jason already had a name before he even came to the high school. I was the weirdo obsessed

with male bodies who could not express myself sexually.

There was no Justice; just like there was no God, no freedom, and no immortality. It was all part of a noumenal reality that may not even exist. We can only know noumenal reality through an a priori deduction of pure reason, but we can never experience it as knowledge. Believe what you want, and I will believe I am an orange. I had to make a better name for myself. After all, I was the eldest son. I was the Mozart. I was the orange if that was what I chose to believe about my noumenal self.

The junior football league at North Providence High was first established in my second year. Jason and I both showed up, which made me feverish to compete. In try outs I landed the position of quarterback. I led the team. I did not care about getting a football scholarship to go to the Rhode Island school of Design where they don't play football. I did not care about going anywhere as an athlete. I simply wanted to prove myself better than my brother.

We only had one game, which we won. The plug was pulled on the junior team. I did not care about advancing to the next league as a quarterback while I sat on the bench with the upperclassman. I was not as skilled at football as I was at drawing. But my name was announced on the loud speaker during home room. I had my first taste of fame in belittling my brother, and I decided to take an art class. There was something about my art; the magic did not work unless I was a man. Even better than a man; I was a second year freshman that knew everything there was to know about life in the reincarnation of the

madman himself. Mozart the Ripper of all reality. That I might know the noumenal reality with a sixth sense that I evolve out of reason. That I might be an orange in a magical orange grove where nothing is real, and if nothing is real I might be nowhere in a hurry.

Suddenly the world went into overdrive. From first gear to *Pink Floyd*, there were the parties, the drinking, and the drugs. I even started smoking. All the bad habits I picked up in high school. I passed that year with flying colors among my studies and my peers. I do remember my first year and how the hicks were such losers. Often times I wanted to be one of them so I could cut their hair and dress them like a Guido. Yet, my second year, I admired the hicks and the marijuana. They were hippy Satanists with the first commandment of the Satanic Bible: “Do whatever thou want.“

They finally found a link between substance abuse and mental illness. It is very common among many people, and those who have an illness are prone to experiment and self medicate. Drugs exasperate a mental disorder. They can create mania out of thin air. Mood, and mind altering substances are especially attractive if you suffer from clinical depression. They became available in high school when I came along the right people who turned me on.

People don't understand why someone would do something that they know is bad for them. Especially if it is illegal. There is no math involved. It is not a riddle that psychologist have to ponder for centuries to come. Some people are simply curious about existence. People go there because they don't know what they will find. The long

term affects are the real danger if you manage not to die of an overdose. When you are a sophomore in high school these things don't frighten you. Death does not frighten you because you don't know what it is like when it truly happens. You tend the think it is pretty, and In fact, I was curious if it was certain. It could never happen to me anyway. I was invincible.

Dave was a psychonaut and a schizophrenic who talked in riddles. He had a few faces, and he was an upper class man. They called him Z. He had an arrogant intellect that bullied people with mind games, and he also appeared to be a closet case. The only thing he truly liked about himself was his underwear. He claimed that one day he was going to snap until he met me. He handed me his *Pinball Crown* that I might be Percival. I was fascinated by his mind, and I originally wanted to be like him. He thought he was God because his father had money and connections. He introduced me to a laughing gas in the Freon that was used for refrigeration and air conditioning components in automobiles.

With the design of the high, reality was a grand hiccup and sneeze at the same time with brilliant lights that were patterned. It left me laughing at the cartoon characters that I found in my friends. They were upperclassmen with the experience of Hendrix and the cars that their parent's bought them. Life was like a box of chocolates, and the universe had a riddle in the nuts. You can die on Freon, but would you ever know? It cuts off oxygen to the brain, and it causes brain damage. But of course, these things are not frightening when they are pretty like art. I might find God if I delved deeper into my own psyche. Or I might

find the house of infinite recursion.

I would never try drugs in the first place if I knew they were a permanent error in programming my bio-computer. If I only knew Dave would eventually suggest suicide I might not become a computer. Life is not a word processor with an undo. It all gets stuck in my head. I make a mental note of everything. People who do not remember the past are doomed to repeat it. We evolve upon our mistakes with a *Monolith*.

"Just what do you think you are doing, Dave?" ~ *HAL*

The next year at school came around. There were lots of parties. There were lots of fights, and rebellion was in the air. If we were the rebellion in a *Star Wars* movie I might have made sense of *the Force*. But life was a blurring episode of retardation in a hurry of waste on Mineral Spring with the guys. There was a lot of pressure to get laid with girls where intimacy was never established in actually getting to know them. I was always disappointed in my experience with women, or so I seemed to always disappoint them. I was too geeky to be one of the guys, and I was impotent. I had the mother complex in me as my mother had dominated much of my life. Erectile dysfunction is no laughing matter. Imagine having the Space Shuttle Columbia ready to visit Venus while the Earth has completely exhausted its resources in fuel.

There was a lot of pressure to be a tough guy with the people of North Providence. There was war between North Providence High

School and the Charles Street gangs. I ended up in a gang and I had to prove I was retarded. My father grew up on Charles Street, and I got to know his past by living his sins. It was as if it was inherited in my psyche like a story that I could not control. It was like an archetypal pattern that I was following unconsciously, and I did not know why I ended up being a punk on the street. My mother always said my father was nothing but a Charles Street punk no matter how much time he spent at Saint Charles doing his religious work on workers compensation. I found that life was not about making money. Life was about being a man and standing up for stupid shit that made no difference to anyone on the face of the earth. If the Force flowed through everything with a reason I was living unconsciously as I followed a pattern in my family. I was a punk criminal who had to prove I was retarded while I was headed for the Training School in a gang of guidos that never had my back in a good way.

I got tired of having to watch my back and making believe these people were friends of mine when I was truly a loner. I might rat them all out, and then I really had to watch my back. We all had funny names for each other. I remember my mother telling me, “If the Mafia asks you to do something...do it!” I was damned in every direction with a *Homer Simpson* prayer. Life is short in North Providence, and everyone in Rhode Island knows each other. The Mafia was no match for me. I was Mozart the Ripper of all reality. God was watching, and I had no honor. There is always something ridiculous. “Done, and done!”

I failed school that year and dropped out. I found myself in trouble

with the law more than once. I ended up doing the unforgiving act of informing in a petty crime that I was involved in. I informed on my friend John because he was not much of a friend. I was his right hand man. I had his back before I realized I belonged in the Training School. They called me Beefy Jones of the Sausage making Posse. They were going to make sausages out of me. To make matters worse, I informed on Jason. They set me up for stealing costume jewelry at a friend Lou's house. To make matters worse, Lou was mentally challenged.

I thought I was doing what my father wanted me to do because he was standing there when I was talking to the police on the phone. He didn't say anything. He just stood there expecting me to have all the answers. I could feel his presence watching over me expecting me to do something while Jason was in his room. Everyone always expected me to know what I was doing, and they always left me alone to do it alone. I was always alone, and that was the way it was supposed to be. *Good Fellows* did not come out in the theaters, and I did not take the Italian lifestyle so seriously.

I was a cosmic trickster in a book about my Blackfoot elders. I was meant to die alone without friends or family. I was meant to die alone for all the world to see like the character Napi who was destroyed by Creator Sun for being too foolish with his power. I had no idea that Robert Di Nero was going to teach me an unforgiving lesson in loneliness, but I had books. I had the smarts of Gulliver's Travels. The Italians of North Providence were the people of *Lilliput*, and I had book smarts that might warp their mind with Mozart. If Mozart wrote music

without making corrections I wrote my own life story with no undo in my word processor. I could read a book, and I could write a book. I had book smarts. I did not belong in a gang. And besides, I felt horrible after Lou's mother yelled at me. I had a conscience about using someone who was mentally challenged when I had book smarts.

I did not give a shit about Jason, or his friends. They were always his friends first, while I was truly a loner. Jason was the one who brought me into the group to begin with. I was never anything special to anyone, and what made me think I might ever be? I was a loner that became fascinated by death, drugs, and the darkness on the street. None of them truly knew me. I never knew them. I had a funny name on the street, and it was not Mozart the Ripper of all reality. It was the master of the absurd when I needed something meaningful in my life.

I began to isolate alone in my room with LSD. I believed I was an orange. If anyone touched me I might burst. I read it in a book about a young man's trip. He believed he was an orange after isolating in his room on LSD. My room was a place to listen to *The Beatles* in a *Magical Mystery Tour*. I had book smarts. I started self-medicating with LSD as a form of vegetation when I left the old school behind, but in all reality I never felt more alive. My senses were wide eyed high beams of molecules that flowed in rivers of my optic nerve like all reality being a liquid spirit of sight and sound. I might melt if someone dumped a bucket of water on me.

LSD alone in isolation opened a world of hypnogogic visions and mind bending aura's. Hypnogogic is a neurological term used in

defining hallucinations that appear in sleep paralysis. I came in contact with the Jungian Self and the Spinning Woman of the East as part of my journey within. People will dismiss hypnogogic hallucinations as an after effect of LSD, but the visions that I had were too elaborate and well organized to simply be hallucinations. You can not build a theory of the cosmos around something that people dismiss as a mere hallucination. Believe what you want, and I will believe that I am an orange because I will burst. What other people believe about my experiences mean nothing to me unless they have an experience themselves. In the movie *Contact* Jodie Foster did not believe in anything until she had an experience, and no one believed her.

I can make a diagram of a dream in hindsight, but then again there is a song by Stepenwolf called *Magic Carpet Ride*. "Last night I held Aladdin's lamp and so I wished that I could stay. Before the thing could answer me well, someone came and took the lamp away. I looked around, a lousy candle's all I found." People will believe there is such a thing as God, but they will never believe in people unless they die for their beliefs. They will believe in Christ if he even existed. There is no proof of it, but the Apostles. They will believe in the universe if it even happened. It is all true, real or imagined, even if it never happened. I firmly believe it is imagination outside the limits of knowledge. I had no knowledge of it beforehand.

In Carl Jung's Syzygy of Anima and Animus he wrote of Maya, or the Spinning Woman of the East. " What, then, is this projection-making factor? The East calls it the "Spinning Woman" - Maya, who creates

illusion by her dancing. Had we not long since known it from the symbolism of dreams, this hint from the Orient would put us on the right track: the enveloping, embracing, and devouring element points unmistakably to the mother, that is, to the son's relation to the real mother, to her imago, and to the woman who is to become a mother for him. His Eros is passive like a child's; he hopes to be caught, sucked in, enveloped, and devoured. He seeks, as it were, the protecting, nourishing, charmed circle of the mother, the condition of the infant released from every care, in which the outside world bends over him and even forces happiness upon him. No wonder the real world vanishes from sight! "

She is an archetype of the East. She is a projection that men place upon women in knowing them as mother figures until man sees women in all of her roles as a woman. I tapped into the collective unconscious in my meditations on LSD, which revealed archetypes of the East that I never knew existed in my life experience. The hypnogogic visions were something that appeared alien to my knowledge of what I had experienced up to the point of receiving the visions. I did a lot of reading and research on my visions, and I found Carl Jung. He was a prophet. I believe they were genetically inherited archetypes of the collective unconscious. In Jungian psychology we acquire a personal unconscious through our own life experience. The archetypes of the collective are inherited archetypes in the span and developing psyche of mankind. I could build an entire religion and marry it with scientific discoveries about virtual reality around this one vision. It was not simply a vision of an old wise woman. It was a cosmic schematic with thousand

of symbols accelerating in layers of a spinning wheel like a glass onion. I imagined the symbols organized with infinite combinations into schematics of all possible worlds within the center of the schematic. It was a place to travel time in the space time continuum where all possible worlds might evolve, real or imagined, from the splash in time. Indeed, what does a real woman have to offer in common place reality with its checks and balances when I can have all reality as a gift from my mother? I did not need the real world if I could change reality, and perhaps I was contacted by alien life from another world.

I withdrew from common place reality for quite some time in the syzygy of anima and animus that I found in my room. The vision blinded me from the holy truth of the Western World. Upon my return old friends that I once knew said I was never going to make in the real world. They suggested suicide, and I had no concept of reality. I discovered that old friends had set fire to the high school, which was widely publicized in the newspaper. They were brought to trial. That was all I truly knew. I entered the paranoid nightmare of a surrealist dream that surrounded me in my unforgiving name as an informant. Once you have a name like that you have no hope in *Lilliput* with a book about being smart. I was someone who informed on my own brother, and the way that appeared left me alone in my own family to imagine the worst of reality. No one redeems a name like that in the criminal world. I could only imagine in the darkness. Whatever the truth was in the *Good Fellow* Community; I was an outcast among all mankind.

If *The Allegory of the Cave* was about me something brought me

out of the cave to the Sun of Forms. Only to return to the prison system of the shadows with the light in my eyes. There was truly no one to return to with my insight. The well was spoiled, and no one wanted to hear about a little known alien invasion. I might mow lawns like *The Lawn Mover Man* now that all reality was virtual. I became an infant among men with a *Monolith*, and my Grandpa had a lawn. So much for Mozart the Ripper of all reality.

TETRAD

Mentors And The Memories Of Trees

"Where there is matter, there is geometry."

~ Johannes Kepler ~

Grandpa was a staff sergeant in the Philippines who told me all the stories about the delinquents in his outfit. I knew right away that I was going to be one his new delinquents. He was the old wise man in Jungian Psychology. He took on the archetypal identity of every wise old man in Hollywood that I ever saw on the big screen. Not only did he have a lawn, but I also found a wizard with a computer. I got him to accept me as his protege while I mowed his lawn in a way that told him I wanted a mentor. There is only so much a father can teach until an Uncle, or Grandfather, takes over as the teacher.

His name was Louis Alarie, but people called him Screwy Louie. He called himself Handsome Lou. He decided to take me under his wing as an apprentice in life because I forced myself upon him. Not to mention the fact that he hated my lifestyle, as it needed to be adjusted. He always thought my father was a poor role model, and I was becoming like my Grandmother in the midst of the Italian lifestyle as part of life in North Providence. I was becoming the type of person that was afraid of people, and Grandpa always told me that God hates a coward. The first thing he typed on the computer for me to repeat was the following: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party."

As he taught me about computers, and life, I had three options. I could join the military. I could gain employment. Or I could finish school. I decided to acquire my GED. The military was not for me, and I never thought I would hack it as a Marine. I wanted to join the Peace Corps, but my mother told me they only take intelligent people. Obviously, it does not take intelligence to be a soldier. Wars are started

over the stupidest things. A simple failure to communicate. It did not take me long to get my High School equivalency. It was fairly easy. There was no war. There was a small graduation when I acquired my GED, which included my mother, and my Aunt Diane. I don't recall that my father attended or truly cared. None of my brothers attended, and I was a loner who had no one to invite.

With my mother's creative gift in life I decided to pursue my Associates in Fine Arts at the Community College of Rhode Island. An education was my only hope of surviving in the real world, or at least recognizing it. I had become the INTP, who was capable of a scientific breakthrough with the proper education to support my theories about Maya. I took two classes when I first attended the college in 1992 to get started. I also got lucky with employment as a part time cashier at a CVS while I first attended college. I did not have a car, but my mother always let me borrow hers.

I was always difficult with my mother, and we gave each other hell. I used to call her *Mommy Dearest* just to give her a hard time. In the unconscious we were living the Jungian marriage of mother and son in the synzygy of the anima and animus. We shared the intimacy of our dreams and visions which created synchronicities between us. The Jungian marriage of mother and son that I shared with my actual mother was not a sexual experience. But she did care about my direction in life. She had high hopes that she might raise a gentleman and a scholar. She never wanted to see me like my father.

My father was on workers compensation for a hurt back. He was

protesting abortion in a fanatical way and getting arrested at abortion clinics while he should have been working. He had a family to feed, but he had to stand up for his shit. If I became my father I might become trapped in a *Star Wars* Episode. Yet I was my father's son, and I knew the power of the idiot side.

Someone once told me that all men are mentally retarded until they reach twenty-five. I was only eighteen at the time. I had no idea what type of revelation I might receive when I reached twenty-five after already having hypnogogic hallucinations. Life might reveal common place reality, and fries with that, at McDonald's. I never learned a language of common sense. I could never find common ground. I believed aliens might violate the *Prime Directive* and reveal themselves through the hyper acceleration of inner space in the schematic of a new language. There was no need to model an artificial intelligence after our own intelligence when we could create an alien intelligence above ours.

I don't know why art, and not computer science. I felt I could create and contribute more with what I expressed emotionally because I was an emotional person driven by my intuition. I took Drawing one and Introduction to Photography my first year at the college. Introduction to Photography was an easy A with little to no creativity on my part. I was not a photographer, nor did I experiment with the medium at that level in life. I simply did what was required of me without truly exploring the medium, or exploiting the creative possibilities of black and white photography.

In my Drawing class my first drawing won me a great deal of attention as a serious minded artist with a serious imagination. The teacher was Sheryl Hunnibel who actually took me aside and discussed the possibilities of my future and what I had hoped to do with my life. I had so many decisions to make. I had many personal problems, and I did not know how to clean up my act at that young age. Inside I was a mess, and so was my family life. My parents began to fight openly with Clinton in Office. They always threatened divorce. They always threatened to kick me out as soon as I became eighteen. There were always prisons, institutions, and life on the street as a homeless man. I truly had no friends. I did not have the heart to be a Marine and leave home to start a new life when I could not establish friendships. Even if I went to prison for a good cause to redeem my name as a standup guy, I would only be a standup comedian dropping the soap in the shower. I would have nothing but the *Good Fellows* to keep me company in the false friendships that I never truly established in the first place. I would be wasted in the name of my father and his father before him. Being a loner was my safest bet until I found a family that I trusted.

My teacher Sheryl gave me something to hope for, and of course I fell in love with her. "Did you ever think about The Rhode Island School Of Design? You have the imagination, and your art looks like a healer." I was shocked in her office and confused by life. She was a college professor and a graduate of The Rhode Island School Of Design who saw potential in me. I think the part that shocked me the most was her insight into the healing aspect of my art. How did she know I dealt with my demons when I worked with my art? I never realized how much a

work of art could expose about my psychological makeup until I entered college. I should have opened my eyes right then and there. I should have been twenty-five. I'll always have the should have, the would have, the could have, of the Monday morning quarterback and the *modified DeLorean* of my drawing.

The work of art was a network of wormholes in the space time continuum. It was far beyond the wisdom of my left brain. I was a right brain genius with deja vu. I never truly had a broken brain as the doctors in Boston claimed. My right brain was simply more advanced in age compared to the younger left brain that was slow to analyze the wisdom in the schematics of my imagination. I imagine that my migraines overdeveloped the internal clock of my right brain and my visionary world. The rest of my world that my left brain could comprehend was only eighteen in awe of my own mind like an idiot savant. It earned me the name Smart Retard, like a Satanic Christian, or an oxymoron.

I worked hard on my art, but I also revealed many psychological problems in my art that pushed people away from me. I dealt with subjects such as mental illness that created distance between my peers and me. Not to mention the fact that my teachers saw me regressing into the dark ages in my art. College professors want to see the future in an artist's work. Professors at college wanted to see what was in my heart. They did not want to see the voices in my head. I imagine art at a college level was meant to be mature and reflective of actual personal growth under the study of the professors. Unfortunately, I worked

within my own world that dealt with the difficulty of my own personal problems.

For example, in my art I often dealt with painful issues that involved my mother. I portrayed her as someone wicked that I truly wished to push away. Having women as teachers who wanted to take on the role of the wise old woman made me appear to be the deviant Christ Child. Some of the drawings and paintings that dealt with the image I had of my mother were often surreal and disturbing portraits that I revealed unconsciously in my art. While I worked in class my unconscious mind dealt with the Oedipus complex that I projected in drawing and painting the nude models. I married my mother and killed my father in a Greek tragedy, and then I ripped my eyes out on canvas without even knowing why. No more of that with my mother in a play of unconscious puppets. It was simply too disturbing to kill my father without knowing why.

I had yet to take psychology, and I did not know what I was trying to say. I would create lifelike renders of the models that also resembled projections of my mother and the death of her dominance in my life. I truly wished to break free and let my inhibitions run wild in my art. Surrealism was a liberating movement that I took to in dealing with my unconscious influences. Unfortunately, Surrealism was beyond the course of the college study in my art classes. We were doing life drawings. We were doing realism. We were supposed to be objective about the models. When drawing a model I was not supposed to work within my unconscious influences. If I did want to say something

Surreal while I was working with realism I was supposed to remain conscious of everything I communicated. I was supposed to be more careful about letting my inhibitions go, as Surrealist often do. I was supposed to censor myself, but I wanted to be free. Or at least I should have taken psychology.

Professors want to see you put forethought into a work of art so you can explain exactly what it is that you have said. Otherwise, you end up being humiliated when you try to explain yourself in a critique. It is no different than life when you can't explain why you do the things you do. But that was the way my right brain worked with my left brain. I fulfilled prophecy. I did not have the analytical skills to understand myself. I did not take the heavy intellectual classes while I was trying to be intellectual with my art. It just seemed to come out of me like something bizarre.

In college I still worked at CVS as a cashier. I dealt with the public, and I dealt with the pressure of my peers to be an outgoing, standup guy. Unfortunately, I was withdrawn. I was an INTP. I was an outgoing standup comedian that bombed before my peers. I withdrew into myself in my art as my only true friend. My art was my friend that never betrayed. That is unless, of course, my work betrayed the personal thoughts that I revealed in my developing depression and anxiety. I also had the problem with drugs. This was something that deteriorated my sense of self in the community as a college student and a responsible adult in the workforce.

My abuse of drugs did create many problems with my ability to

form healthy relationships with healthy people. If I was going to make my family proud, I felt the pressure to perform as a fully mature man. I was not a fully mature man, and I had personal problems with drugs and the wrong crowd. They say that friends are something that you choose. But I made very poor choices in the people I associated with. I never truly made friends at the college, nor did I maintain honest relationships with my professors. The only honesty that I showed was in the dark ages that I revealed in my art. The Dark Ages in my art were reflective of the middle ages in the dragons and snakes of my younger years as a naive and immature artist.

Unfortunately, this was perceived as a cry for help, or something that was not material for the Rhode Island School Of Design. My art became something that people at the school might laugh at because they want the future. They want to see the same type of forethought that wins a chess match in thinking ahead. My art was not perceived as the actual learning process that I was involved in with my professors. My professors were the positive role models that I needed in my life, but I could not shake my personal problems outside of school to make a favorable impression as a responsible adult. People want to be able to trust you in knowing you. No one wants a stranger who does not know who they are. I did not dig deep enough into knowing why I created, or why I did anything. At the time I only knew I was intuitive like my mother. I wanted my own sense of self as an independent individual with an education. Unfortunately, I was a clown in a divine comedy about The Fisher King.

I remember getting stoned one night after work and watching the pieces of my puzzle fall apart. I began a journey in my mind after getting stoned. I never returned from it, as I was trapped inside myself. When the morning came I said goodbye to my youngest brother Lee. I told him I was leaving just like that. He was the last person I saw before I headed off to Arizona after draining my bank account. I had enough money for the Greyhound. I had my sack of clothes. I had the desert where I could take a cleansing bath in the sun. I had a dream of living like a hermit away from the world on the bare necessities of my survival skills. Unfortunately, I had no survival skills to live off of the land in the desert dream of my own desert storm. This was a Biblical delusion of mine. This was a dream of walking into the bathing beauty of a violent sun.

People on the bus and on the street across the country perceived me as a male prostitute. I dressed and looked the type. I wore a leather jacket. My hair was wild and wavy. I was tall and slender with a pretty boy face. People on the bus and on the street did proposition me, or they tormented me with street talk about turning tricks. I did not plan to live on the street. I planned to make the best of my trip within my own mind off the desert dream of my delusional state. I think I came to my senses when I only had one dollar left to buy a hamburger in Indiana. I was only worth one dollar, but the young man behind the counter of the Burger King gave me a hamburger for free. I ate, went to the bathroom, and cleaned myself up the best I could. I found a Western Union and contacted my father.

"What do you want to do?" He asked.

"Well, I guess I would like to come home." I said, in a shaky voice.

There were always prisons, institutions, and I could live on the street as a homeless man. No matter how hard I tried I did not belong, and I did not know why. I did not know why I wanted a place away from society, but looking back I might have become a monk if I wanted to have the religious life that my father wanted me to have. Even joining a monastery might fail. I simply did not fit in with people. I wanted to isolate all of the time in my room, or in the desert, if that was a practical option that I could make work in reality. My father wired me money to buy a ticket home, and he told me to take it easy on myself. I finally broke down outside the Western Union. People passed me by without thinking twice. I appeared to have been homeless. I was not worth anyone's concern. I did manage to find my way about town and board the next Greyhound home with a bit of cash. I had room to eat and breathe before I arrived to the consequences of my actions in the eyes of my community and my family.

When I did arrive home, my father greeted me with a tremendous amount of love and prayer. The rest of my family was in shock, and not quite able to comprehend my nervous breakdown. My father was the only person who truly welcomed me home, but in all honesty, I never truly returned home. People, and even family, began to question if I liked little boys. For some reason, everything had to do with my sexual identity. I did not have an interest in forming intimate relationships, and Lee was the last person that I saw. I left him home alone. People

had to think because I can only make people think. I never quite recovered from the breakdown, and I never quite recognized the world that I returned to. Family and friends formulated their suspicions in the gossip that surrounded the darkness of my imagination. My family and friends were the many pieces of the puzzle that fell apart when I took off for Arizona. None of those pieces came back together again when I returned home. I no longer recognized my family. I did not feel connected to them. I had truly fallen from Eden. Even family did not want to know me when I returned to the *Pod people* and the *Invasion Of the Body Snatchers*.

My father talked about *the Parable Of The Lost Son* from the Bible. He even told me I had to get rid of the pagan influences in my life. Music like the *Hotel California* from the *Eagles* came from Satan, and the paradox itself was Satanic if it suggested there was no way out of a certain lifestyle. Ideas are what people are afraid of. It was ideas that killed conservatives. When he was praying over me he said he wished he could do that with his father. I did not feel any connection to my father through prayer. The Rosary was not going to protect me from reality the way it protected him. As a Christian everything new that was incorporated into my map of reality was considered Satanic, as if Satan is reality. I had an allergic reaction to reality. Reality made me do it. The sun made me sneeze. When I see my father I only know that I called the kettle black, and I did not want to get married and have a son. I might become *Saturn Devouring His Son* like the painting by the Spanish artist Francusco Goya. I might become the snake eating its tail.

"The alchemists, who in their own way knew more about the nature of the individuation process than we moderns do, expressed this paradox through the symbol of the Ouroboros, the snake that eats its own tail. The Ouroboros has been said to have a meaning of infinity or wholeness. In the age-old image of the Ouroboros lies the thought of devouring oneself and turning oneself into a circulatory process, for it was clear to the more astute alchemists that the prima materia of the art was man himself. The Ouroboros is a dramatic symbol for the integration and assimilation of the opposite, i.e. of the shadow. This 'feed-back' process is at the same time a symbol of immortality, since it is said of the Ouroboros that he slays himself and brings himself to life, fertilizes himself and gives birth to himself. He symbolizes the One, who proceeds from the clash of opposites, and he therefore constitutes the secret of the prima materia which [...] unquestionably stems from man's unconscious." ~ Carl Jung

There was a house of infinite recursion in the rising sun. It would be the ruin of my unborn son to come into this world ignorant of geometry if he wanted to build a church. Should I get married to a nympho maniac there would be many sons that I might devour in the viscous circle of Descartes as he created God in the viscous circle of this "I," or this thinking thing. Like a table or a chair that I have become in realizing my father from the womb of a prebirth memory where I have chosen him with the knowledge of geometry. Where do I come from, and who on earth do I think I am? People know me before I even get there.

I probably had one friend in the entire world, which was Sheryl Hunnibel. She was the art professor at the Community College of Rhode Island that thought I had the imagination to recover what I had left of my life in the educational system. I returned to my art as the only friend that would not betray. But my art returned to the dark ages of my own regressive therapy that did not express my heart, or forge the future in a professional manner.

From the first drawing I did at the college, I was expected to compete with artists such as M.C. Escher. I had to hold myself to that level of merit, work, and character if I wanted to impress my professors. To be accepted to The Rhode Island School Of Design I had to be a serious minded artist with a professional presentation and reputation. I was very young. I was not legally of age to drink. I did not know much about the real world of difficulty and pain in The Road Less Traveled. I knew a great deal of difficulty and pain in the road less fantasized. The imagination can be more terrifying than reality when you are alone with no one who will tell you what is going on. My father's prayer did little to inform me about the real world where prayer is a *Homer Simpson* act in what I believed must be done and done. If I only knew what to do by watching my father drop out of society while my mother went to work.

I chose to quit my job at CVS fearing I might be fired for my incompetence and inability to present my public persona with grace. I gave my two weeks' notice. I blamed my personal difficulties on my parents bitter fighting and their constant threats to divorce. I found employment in Warwick as a cashier at a supermarket. This was far

removed from the gossip and chaos of my own character faults in the small community of North Providence. This was far removed from the CVS in Greenville where old friends often visited me at work. Yet Rhode Island is a small state, and even in the world, wherever you go there you are.

There is no escaping a confrontation with the Jungian Shadow. The most hideous thing in life is the true reflection of my own mirror. I can project all I want, but at the end of the day when I have no one but myself, and no one will talk to me, I have a house of infinite recursion with mirrors that strangle me in every direction. As if I see mankind as ghosts that attack every negative aspect of my character. Sometimes I feel that I only have negative character faults that comprise my personality. I must project upon the entire world if it is only me with my demons in the end. I can only call the *Ghost-busters*. Even technology seems to haunt me with a ghost in the machine. There is no one to blame when they all blame me. I am to blame for of all mankind. When women receive love letters from me they receive love letters from the worst person in the world. All because I ran away, and I came home to be created in my father's image.

Often times I relate to Vincent Price, “I Sometimes feel that I am impersonating the dark subconscious of the whole human race.”

My so called life was victim to the small community that had a very strong gravity. I failed to keep my composure as a cashier working with the public. Even if I was on the other side of the state it did not seem to matter. I remember having vivid nightmares all the time. I remember

having terrifying hypnogogic hallucinations that were the byproduct of my neurological disorder due to the intense trips when I isolated on LSD. Images flashed in hyper acceleration, and I belonged in movies that were virtual realities. There was a theater in the astral plane and I projected out of my mind in sleep paralysis. A flash of lightning went down my spine and lit up my central nervous system like a Christmas tree. There was a gateway in the schematic of symbols that might organize the archetypal pattern of an original world in a dream like prophecy that I might fulfill. I did not take LSD the day I left for my desert dream on the bus. I simply smoked marijuana. Marijuana made me intensely paranoid after having experimenting with LSD when I first dropped out of High School. The paranoia was practically chronic after doing heavy drugs. At work I would freak out in front of my coworkers when I was placed on the spot. LSD was a dangerous drug to experiment with that had major repercussions on my central nervous system. The effects of the drug lasted in my system long after I discontinued my use of LSD in isolation. People who were wise to the effects of this drug knew I had experimented because of the way I freaked out and exhibited psychotic symptoms. I was incompetent at work.

I chose to seek help in the mental health profession after a psychotic episode in which I freaked out of my skin at work. During psychotic episodes I often had suicidal fixations and I never knew what was going on around me. I formed conspiracy theories in the process of an episode. Much of what I experienced during a psychotic episode was a complete loss of what was actually going on around me in the eyes of

others. There was truly no damage to anyone. I was more embarrassed about my own clown like persona than anything else, which drove me to seek professional help. People laughed at me because I appeared bizarre. I was in the shadows of *Plato's Cave* in *Plato's Allegory of the Cave* after I was blinded by an experience of the Spinning Woman. All reality vanished from sight. All that was left of my spinning joy was a lousy candle in a world where people knew my name. The honorable Jon Gemma. The master of the absurd, that reality was absurd, that reality was a prison.

I checked into Butler Hospital on my own without the support of my family, or the friends that I did not have. I cut myself and went to the emergency room. I needed my parents insurance. My father told me I was making the wrong move, and my mother asked why I was doing this to the family. If I had a family that wanted me in the first place I might not believe in a family of aliens. There were prisons. There were institutions. There were lots of places where I belonged if I did not end up homeless in the desert where I truly belonged. Where I might receive the education of Christ, if that was the name that I wanted. Might I be the savior of all mankind to bear the sins of the world. I wanted to baptize people with fire.

I spent quite some time in different psychiatric units in the hospital. I saw the worst of life in everyone from the bottom of my own psychosis. I failed to establish trust with the staff or the clients. Only my parents visited. I refused to allow anyone to see me in a state of mental deterioration. There were other clients and doctors that had

encouraging words as I spent my time creating art on the different units where I was placed. But there were also many people in authority that I came to question as a Nazi party. The mental health system was a place for superiors who treated people like the Jews in the beginning of the third world war where this type of war was just beginning to gain momentum in modern day society. I see them as a false government that creates dependents. The dehumanizing world of the psych ward was something that I might know as home away from home where I was property. I felt I was manipulated with medication by a domineering mother who wanted me to be sick as a way of controlling me in the name of God. Sometimes the people who work in the mental health system are worse than the clients. They are like the Frankenstein who is worse than his monster. They will treat you like the most worthless piece of shit on the face of the earth, but then again, they have suicide prevention.

I only had my art as a friend to talk to as I created works of art on the psych ward. It was the healer and the coping mechanism that I used to communicate my schizotypal personality type with doctors hoping for an accurate diagnosis. No one seemed to understand why I was there. The staff only shit on me because I was looking for a hug in an unforgiving world of people that only laughed at me. I had high levels of psychotic personality traits that are characteristic of comedians, and in life I had bombed on stage before all of mankind. If I only knew the secret to being funny I might know my audience in the concentration camps that were becoming an integral part of modern day society. The entire world was mentally ill. Everyone has a mental illness to a greater

of lessor degree, or perhaps we are all sane. Only universals are sane. Things like geometry make sense to everyone, and all life as we know it. Unless of course an alien's mind is not life as we know it, if I am alien to existence.

There was one gentleman that took a liking to me and sat down with my parents. He was not a Doctor. He suffered from manic depression and he knew his illness very well. He was a skeptical atheist, and I liked him right away. I never understood why people who believe in God can not accept an atheist, as if they hold a prejudice against them because they don't have the same beliefs. My family could never deal with the fact that I did not believe in God. Most people who have a higher power look down upon people who question God. As if they are chosen to sit at the right hand of God because they believe God has made them the chosen people. Because they believe, and I believe I am an orange. This gentleman gave me a great deal of advice about educating myself about mental illness. He told my parents that I could accomplish a great deal and even go into teaching with my art.

I also had a doctor that told my parents I could do anything that I put my mind to after I spoke to him with my art. I met many people coming from the worst situations in life. I witnessed the insane in others that could not even be characterized in the actors that performed in the movie *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. I spent time with one man that was so deranged his recovery from the abyss was impossible, no matter what medications they could use to tranquilize him. He was eventually placed in a padded room. I saw more horror in

the minds of people than I ever witnessed on the big screen.

I left the hospital with an education on the psychiatric ward and my own medication. I was given the official diagnosis of a Schizo-affective Bipolar Type Disorder with a dual diagnosis of substance abuse. It was something that my family could not comprehend, and I brought them shame. I had hoped that my art might speak to my Doctor as he diagnosed me. There was a link between my creativity and my mental illness that they did not recognize when they diagnosed me. I was disappointed when I researched the Schizo-affective disorder because it did not relate to my personality type. I did not see myself in it the way I saw myself as a Schizotypal being more concerned with creative accomplishment than being concerned with maintaining relationships.

One good thing that came from the hospital stay was the gift of a Golden Retriever from my mother's friend Mary. There is something very healing about owning a dog. They love you unconditionally no matter what diagnosis you have. They love you unconditionally when your family decides to make your illness public knowledge in the community. I not only had the illness. I had the stigma of the illness. Everyone in the community knew I was mentally ill. Being diagnosed with a disorder similar to schizophrenia was a death sentence as far as I understood. The world was making headway in educating themselves about mental illness, but at the time it left me with a stigma. My family never had a problem letting the community know my business, and I never had a problem letting the community know my family's business. Thank God for dogs. They are better friends than God.

There was a much more to life after being diagnosed, but I never truly recovered from the stigma. I met many unique and interesting people in the course of my life as I dealt with my illness and stigma. The most interesting people that you meet are the ragged people who get abused by the system. The beautiful people are not real people. They are not ugly like Socrates. I forged many deep and meaningful friendships with my art. I came to find an underground of psychic communion with others in the deeper levels of human interaction. Many influential people entered my life that taught me the value of a real world education, as well as an education in humility. I learned from each of them as mentors, and people who punished me with the truth that I might know thyself. I made many mistakes along the way.

Perhaps the biggest mistake I made in life was doing drugs on the job. When I left the hospital I got hired as a dish washer at a New Port Creamery. I worked there for about a month or so, and I made a good impression on everyone. The man who hired me was a homosexual, and maybe that was why I got hired in the first place. I began to grow a ponytail. I looked effeminate. I could not imagine someone hiring me after I just got out of Butler hospital. The way I presented myself it was obvious that I suffered a nervous breakdown. I started out honest. I even told people I was at Butler hospital with a substance abuse problem. I was not the only one who attended Alcoholics Anonymous.

Being the type that wanted to self medicate made it difficult to stay away from the whip cream canister that was filled with nitrous oxide. Eventually I gave in to temptation. I would take a hit and go to the

bathroom to have a cigarette where I would enjoy the high. This went on for about a month and no one said anything. Before the night of Halloween I blacked out in the bathroom and suffered a severe head concussion. I broke my tooth. I cracked my skull. I bruised my frontal lobe, and I developed blood on the brain. I lost consciousness for a good twelve hours. I remember small intervals of consciousness where I was in the restaurant with my mother, in the ambulance, at the hospital, and in the fold out couch at home falling asleep. I remember being at the hospital and asking if I had to work on Halloween. I was in so much pain those were the only thoughts I could remember or even put together.

I was out of work on workers compensation and I did not remember what happened. The medical bills came in and my mother got me a lawyer. I went to court and sued the restaurant. In court I did not remember what happened, but something did happen. I can only imagine that I blacked out on nitrous oxide. I can imagine that someone tried to kill me. It was not too far fetched to imagine considering where I was coming from. I can imagine a wild conspiracy in the cosmos where all of mankind had it in for me with the Mafia of organized religion. But using Occam's Razor, the simplest answer is usually correct. New Port Creamery made me sign a legal document stating that I would never work at another one of their restaurants. With the money I bought a Red Ford Escort GT with a stick shift. I was a lair on the highway to hell with the rest of mankind in the mass transit system. All the cars go to the junkyard of useless people where we shed a tear for our former life.

I was still in college, and having had a head concussion I began to believe things about myself. There was a black hole of missing pieces and missing memories in my amnesia. Perhaps I might remember I was Mozart in a former life, or even Christ himself. I might have the vision of the *Flux Capacitor* the way Doc did in *Back To The Future* when he banged his head on the toilet. I might travel time if I met the right person who could give me a glimpse of the future. And so there was Sheryl Hunnibel. I know believed I was the greatest artist to walk the earth in the reincarnation of Mozart with a mandala of the Spinning Woman. Sheryl thought I came out of *the Twilight Zone*, but my future circuits were activated in the genetic caste of an evolutionary agent. Rhode Island School of Design with the *Flux Capacitator*, and Sheryl to paint artwork of maps with clouds that blurred my vision.

I brought my portfolio to her house, but she was not impressed. She thought my work was immature and naive. She said my life drawings were reflective of drawings that she did as a freshman at The Rhode Island School Of Design. She did guide me to take an Independent Course of Study at the school with Lenny Long. But I did not quite remember who I was, and she told me so. When I first met her those were honest times, which is what she told me. As I came to here in a hurry to go to Rhode Island School Of Design I was not even honest with myself. I forgot who I was altogether, and I began to have delusional beliefs about my supernatural powers and abilities.

I began to believe I was Napi. He was a character in the Blackfoot

religion of my Native American Elders in my Grandmother's blood. My Aunt Diane gave me a book by Percy Bullchild called The Sun Came Down with archetypal stories about the Blackfoot people and the creation of the world. Napi was a character that Creator Sun untrusted power with. Napi taught the people a lot, but he was dishonest, he had problems with women, and he was too foolish the power that Creator Sun gave him. He died alone atop a mountain for all the world to see. This was my role as evolutionary agent. This is what I was supposed to do with my art. I became very childlike after I had my head concussion. That is what damage to the brain does to people. I had no idea who I was, and life was for learning. I was going to find my true self by taking chances. Life was all about self discovery, and as I imagined, a life must lose itself to find itself.

While I was thinking about the future and the Rhode Island School Of Design I moved in with my Grandfather. I simply had it up the ass with my parents fighting about me. Every negative aspect of their character, everything wrong with the family, and everything wrong with their sex life was all about me. The entire divorce was my fault, as if they loved each other to begin with. As if they knew what love was. As if they knew each other. The fighting began from day one on the Honeymoon. They have me believe it is all my fault, and I could care less about them. Grandpa was the wise old man with the computer who could see the future. I was the evolutionary agent who wanted someone to give a shit about me. The Native American blood came from Grandma and Grandpa. I needed parents who wanted to raise me. I was raising myself, and my parents had no interest in doing anything

but punishing me to my room for days on end while they fought with each other about me. My father was on workers compensation, and of course his lazy ass was all my fault. My mother had to work, and she hated my father. It was all my fault that she had to wear the pants and support the family. I wanted to kick my parents out of the house before I killed them, and I contemplated it whether I was right or wrong. I moved in with Grandpa, but I still had my parents. Unfortunately, you can not kill people, but you can think it like Charlie Manson. Especially when you play a video game. I wonder how many digital people I killed as if they teach you to kill with the hand eye coordination of *The Pinball Wizard*. Ideas...It is ideas that kill.

Sheryl suggested that I sit in on one Lenny's classes before I decided to register for my own Independent Study. He thought I was being sneaky about the way I approached him and The Rhode Island School Of Design. When I did register and the first day of class began I talked to him. He got right in my face and said right out that I was the local kid who had balls to sit in on one of his classes. I was not trying to be funny in the way I acted. I simply did not know how to go about it with manners. Lenny Long decided he was going to be the judge and jury of my life. He was going to humiliate me any chance he could. But I was the wiser. No one can make an ass out of me the way I can. Because I was defensive my first drawing was a nude. I had to draw myself nude and exhibit myself in front of the class in all of my sexual frustration. It was an Independent Study with artist from around the world who were so much more advanced in their studies. They were artists who knew who they were and why they created their specific

type of art. They were artist who got to the root of things, and artists who knew what they were trying to say with the intellect to explain and articulate what their art was about. I did not even know who I was, or why I was there, other than being caste for the role of evolutionary agent in a book about Napi and Creator Sun.

For my independent study I worked on self portraits, but Lenny was not impressed. I was a lazy thinker, I was working with cliches, and I needed Prozac. The other students would laugh at me. One day in class I had a psychological seizure. They took me to the emergency room by ambulance. The whole experience at the college was a disaster. I ended up yelling at Lenny in front of the class. I dropped out, and I wrote an unflattering letter to the President of the college about Lenny Long. I simply wanted to move onto other things when I dropped the class. I did not want to make matters worse, but this was my mother's dream. She had to live through me. She tried to manipulate into making matters worse because she did not like the way Lenny treated me, as if it was her business. She gave the money to take the class, and she owned me like the Christ Child who was done wrong. I had to stand up for my shit if I was truly Christ. But the time at the college left me humiliated, and I fell short of my childhood dream. I never wanted to return to the school, and there were other ways to get an education. There were other way to crack that nut in the art world. There are books that simply say do it if you find yourself a box with thoughts that escape. Like a Jack in the box, or a Jack the Ripper in a box.

That is when I came upon my Uncle Ronnie and his knife collection.

I noticed an opportunity to express myself with scrimshaw and a knife that I might rip all reality. I went to shows with my uncle in the past, but now I could be part of it as a contender. Ronnie was Diane's husband, and he was also a roofer. I began working for him picking up shingles, and I became his apprentice with knives. I must have worked for him as a roofer for about eight months. It was heavy labor that got me physically fit.

I started climbing rocks with my cousin Chris, and I began my journey into nature. I always knew nature. My father made certain my brother's and I were mother nature's son. Even when we lived in the city, the beach, and nature were an important part of our life. As I began to work with knives and explore my Blackfoot Blood as I delved deep into the woods and the many trails in Rhode Island and Massachusetts with my dog. I began to have people in my life when I lived with Grandpa, but Peanut Butter, my golden retriever, was my best friend. She was my spirit guide in the natural world. Little did I know that I might meet woman, or have anything to offer a woman. At the time I felt I was a young man who was fit to be king. I was physically well, and I was working hard in life. My thinking was very magical, and the magic had begun. I got wrapped up in nature. When I look back on it I would trade my computer for a tree. Every thought has an equal an opposite thought. I might chop down a tree.

I met Julie at the supermarket with my mother. She had Bipolar and she was in a mess with her family. We went to Saint Patrick's together. She was a couple of years older than me. At the time I was

legally of age to drink, but not emotionally of age to handle my liqueur. Everything about age is relative. Grandpa died with the heart of a little boy who lived in his imagination. Julie was Ethan McCauley's girlfriend. I knew him in childhood, but now he came home from the Marines. Julie and I hit it off right away at the supermarket as we caught each other off guard in a psychic gaze. My mother was telling me about Julie's tragic situation with her illness and her family before I ran into her in a meaningful coincidence.

Julie was a social worker at Butler hospital, and she had an Associates Degree in Psychology. I wanted to pick her brain like a zombie and eat it, but she ended up picking my brain. She thought I had the big picture. We began getting together and performing magic in the magical thinking that we both shared in common. We started out as friends, but things got deeper and deeper. We were both intense. I was not sexually attracted to her until she told me her feelings went deeper than friendship. It was the intimacy of the friendship that turned me on sexually. Maybe I was not impotent, but I might not get anywhere anyway. I got as far as sharing the night with her. She did not even kiss me, and then in the morning I got dumped. The majority of the friendship was pure thought. It was entirely intellectual. We both considered ourselves to be misunderstood geniuses with big plans for the future. It was an intense emotional ride as well, but as Seinfeld might say, “I think I'm getting too old for details.”

She went back to Ethan and left me devastated. The families kept us apart, and Ethan became insanely jealous of me. One of the last

things Julie told me was that one day we would both laugh about this. I laugh about it, but I laugh alone without her. I never saw her again. Eventually she left Ethan and married someone else. I spent many years wondering what I did wrong. Every time someone came into my life with something special they were ripped away from my life. I met other women, but I never truly loved again. I never truly fell in love if I can truly say I know love's illusions. They only laugh at me when they leave me, or when they become my mother. Julie used to be my baby sitter when I was at Saint Patrick's. I got to baby sit her until she came to her senses and went back to Ethan. It was good to be King just for a day, and then I fell apart.

I went back to the Community College where I did not belong, and I ended up in psychotherapy with a trained professional. I would drive by Julie's house on the way to school in *The Boys Of Summer.* I had no idea it could be so deep, and I never thought there would be another one. Women always rejected me, and I always felt weird about my body because I was tall and thin. At school I was the weirdo, the triangle man, who knew geometry. I took philosophy as well as other courses that concentrated on the other end of my associate degree. I took all the art classes to begin with, and then I started taking the intellectual classes. Probably because I was compelled to draw, but after The Rhode Island School Of Design I felt embarrassed about my art. Lenny Long made me feel like giving up my art. When I told Sheryl I was going into computers with my Grandfather she planted the seed about digital art. Digital art on the computer was a future possibility, but the software was not advanced enough to create high resolution quality

images. Flash interaction and animation was not popular yet. They did not have programs like DAZ Studio and Bryce to create quality art in the digital world of fine art. I knew technology advanced faster than mankind can deal with it, but at the time the internet was still new and I was not even online.

For some reason college overwhelmed me. I had taken time off to return to a school where I was nothing to no one. I checked into the hospital out of my paranoid and irrational fears about the world and about people. That is when I met Alexander. I don't recall his last name. He was my philosophy professor. He was somewhere in his thirties. He was young. He saw that I was struggling in life, and he decided to tutor me in a one on one situation. We went over the history of philosophy, and he taught me the unbearable weight of existence. He taught me the type of pressure that I might have to endure under the unbearable weight of a relationship that reasoned ultimate reality. We began with the Pre-Socratic philosophers and we ended with the philosophy of Immanuel Kant. As we were going over the history of philosophy I had a concept of the computer. I anticipated the schematic of the human mind that I found in Kant, and I loved the idea of a noumenal, or ultimate reality.

Before he began teaching me philosophy I wanted to prove the existence of God. Coming from Saint Patrick's I thought philosophy might deal with the metaphysical world of the afterlife as they imagine it in the Kingdom of Heaven. I thought they might have an entire world of reason that defined the reality of heaven as a true world we can

know in what we imagine. But coming to Kant, knowledge had a limit. We only had five senses to work with and knowledge was based on what we experienced. Kant peered beyond the curtain of perception through pure reason to come to the concept of the noumenal, which can not be known through experience. God was part of this noumenal reality, and something that can not be known. God was left to something as odd as belief in the same way I believe I am an orange. I do not know that I am an orange. I do not experience myself as an orange with my senses, but I believe it.

I fell in love with Alexander through pure thought, and that was the type of strength he taught me to have in a relationship if I chose to commit to someone in the future. He turned me on to the internet. He told me it was an excellent way to communicate. We were going to keep in touch, but I ended up dropping out of college and moving into my parent's basement. I don't know why, but I wanted to hide away from the world and live underground. I felt comfortable returning to my art in seclusion as a painter, and it was art that I wanted to explore with philosophy. My father was surprised to see Salvador Dali in the basement working with dismembered body parts on canvas. I got tired of working with my art in college. I got sick of worrying about what I was trying to say. I wanted to say whatever came to me without inhibitions, and without concerning myself with people. College professors notice deviance in art that does not belong in a classroom. I wanted to be deviant without discipline or worry.

I ended up on Supplemental Security Income, but mental health

professional expect you to do things their way. They expect you to shovel shit against the wind and eat it for no particular reason. I had a vision that I wanted to work towards. I did not want to work at McDonald's, but as long as I see the shit, I smell the shit, I hear the shit, I touch the shit, and I taste the shit, I make the shit for no particular reason in a meaningless society. I ended up working the graveyard shift at McDonald's as a janitor six nights a week. I was a piece of meat as my Grandfather told me. Working in corporate America never did anything for my self-esteem, or my sense of self-worth.

I went back to drinking, and if I had LSD I would be tripping my life away in a great escape. I ended up assaulting my brother Justin after fighting with my mother. I was taken to the hospital for psychiatric evaluation. There were always prisons, institutions, or l could live on the street as a homeless man. I came across Ketamine on the internet, and after reading about it I was thrilled to have a near death experience. I found a foreign pharmacy and began my search for the grail. I was excited to die to say the least when ketamine came in the mail. I injected myself with three hundred milligrams. I never had such frightening revelations about myself and my role in the universe, as if I could imagine all of mankind in an anguished cry, "Look at what you have done to the universe!' I felt as though I was being set on fire in a black hole that swallowed light and all existing things in the revelations of being Mozart the Ripper. As if I was the universe, or as if I was a snake eating my own tail in the house of infinite recursion where being was a prison without cessation that I might pray for death in the K hole.

Not long after I imploded I found an apartment where I could spend nine years of my life trying to figure out what happened to me while I was on Ketamine as a writer and artist. If death was truly certain I would be dead. Researching the theoretical physics of black holes and the work of Stephen Hawkins was the best way to understand what I experienced on Ketamine. Death in a black hole is considered the most fascinating way to die. But I was not a physicist, and things like quantum theory were beyond me. I did know that all information was preserved. It could not be destroyed. There was no God or Christ that I answered to. I answered to the laws of physics. If anything David Bowie was the master of reality. I was listening to his *Earthling* album. Earthlings on fire in the event horizon. I never want knowledge, but I always want certainty. I never know what I might find beyond the curtain of perception. Katamine is the strongest drug known to man. Why might I take such massive a dose, and why can't I question God? There is usually a woman involved, and more deadly than Satan himself if you find yourself eating your own tail.

PENTAD

Writing And Women, But Why?

“Geometry is the right foundation of all painting.”

~Albrecht Durer ~

I moved into Maple Gardens in North Providence about five minutes away from my mother's house. It was section eight housing for the elderly and disabled. I was the type of individual that might have committed suicide as opposed to working with people. I did not have a problem with hard work. I had the social skills of a monkey with a mirror who did not know my own reflection. I did not know why there was a mirror in front of me that made me feel bizarre among people when I was simply curious about existence. Other people were not curious about it the way I was. Being the typical Jungian Fisherman I thought that everyone was a Fisherman who worked on their inner world. I internalized every little thing, and I worked on my inner life while I cleaned the restaurant as a janitor without wanting to deal with others. I worked six nights a week, and the people hated me. All they did was complain about my performance the way people always did when I was in the workforce. They organized against me the way people always did, and I did not care about McDonald's. I got my work done and spent my nights reading. Eventually I quit after eight months of being hated and I went back on Supplemental Security Income.

That is when my cousin Laura took an interest in my life. She was a second cousin on my father's side who attended UCLA. She lived in California, and came to visit after many years. I only met her once in childhood at Ester's house near the beach. Laura only took an interest in me after seeing one of my paintings at my mother's house. She was already friendly with my brothers, but she ignored me until she saw my artwork. As far as I know she originally thought I was a mystery, or simply a sickness that my family made me out to be. I hated her from

the beginning. Life came so easy to my brothers, and so did friends. Especially women. She thought her formal education made her something superior, and I failed to get into the door at The Rhode Island School Of Design. She wanted to be a college professor and teach. She thought I might make a good student if I thought highly of her feminist attitude. I hated the feminist type in college that simply wanted to weed out the weaklings. They will complain that there are no men, but they will do anything they can to make men history and dominate them. Who was I but a boy with a toy in the war against men. My penis made me inherently evil, and I could write my name in the snow. We began a correspondence. She loved art. She loved Salvador Dali and my Daliesque style. She bought me a book. That is the gift that women always gave me, but how dare any woman come to me with knowledge after Julie. Women are always trying to activate my future circuits like a sleeping giant. A *Jolly Green Giant* with the people of *Lilliput*. I hate the fact that I love any woman. The book was The Letters Of Van Gogh. Suddenly, she began saving my emails as I wrote to her and I was an artist like Vincent. That was the day I became an important historical figure.

I spent all my quality time alone painting and reading. She took an interest, and I enjoyed writing letters so much so that I wanted to say more to the world about my inner world. Perhaps I wanted to hear the sound of my own voice when everyone else wanted me to listen to my angels, or demons, depending on how I looked at it. I was inspired to write my autobiography at the age of twenty-five. I could not contain the words to the simple Letters of Van Gogh when I had a library inside

me that wanted to reason ultimate reality. I had the Surreal stories of my dreams and visions that I did not simply want to document. I wanted to weave them like a spider that told a fantastic story. I wanted to write something so Surreal that might read like the simplest surrealist act. If I was Touched With Fire and there was a link between madness and creativity then I wanted to open fire with a book that might move people.

Jason just got married, and I had nothing to show for my life. I had no one special, and nothing special to offer anyone. I thought that a book might speak to a woman if it was a woman that I wanted. Deep down inside, in my heart of hearts, I did not imagine being with a man unless it was purely sexual. A woman was more than simply sexual even if it was something intimate that I wanted to share. I thought I might give them a go just for the hell of it even if I did consider myself a complete person that wanted to spend my time alone in thought.

I don't know what made me approach my Aunt Diane. I worked for her husband. She enjoyed my art. She had a sense of humor, and she made me laugh. She graduated from Rhode Island College, and she attempted to write a children's book at one point. She was a God person, and I trusted her. I think trust was the biggest motivating factor in seeking her assistance. I trusted no one, and I lived in an Episode of *The X Files.* I wanted to be able to trust people, and Diane was the only person I thought I could trust with my story. She was the one person that I thought might not judge me if I let my inhibitions go in the Surrealist story that I wanted to write.

The Surrealist movement was originally a literary movement before artists like Salvador Dali made it a popular art form. I was already into automatic writing without inhibition. I wanted my entire book to read like automatic writing. I wrote poetry, and I was published a few times with The National Library Of Poetry. I loved to play with words like John Lennon and Bob Dylan. I loved language, but I never thought I might take on such a major project. I did not read about how to write a book, or how to write an autobiography. I went into the process blind on purpose. That is how I thought I might create something Surreal and automatic.

Diane began to guide me into confessing my sins and creating the judgment day when I simply wanted to write a story. God women will do that to a young man. The book started to become very real and about my mental illness. The original concept for the book was not meant to be a self-help book. But Diane wanted to steal everything from me like a master thief, and leave me invisible with no secrets to conceal in a Bod Dylan Musical. God was going to be so proud of me when I ended up alone with nothing. Diane's vision was not what I originally had in mind on the judgment day, but Jesus on Mars and Jesus on acid. Life was a test, and I was going to go to hell if I was not Saint Jon the Baptist. Diane had a fascination with the Saints, and she wanted to guide everyone to Sainthood. I was not a patient man on a hot stove. I had a *Homer Simpson* prayer. Things had to be done, and done. I was not meant to be a holy man. I was not meant to have the religious life that my family forced upon because I expressed myself freely in the free

world. But of course Jesus died for my sins, and there was nothing wrong with that other than the trip that the mother's tried to lay on me. They all become my mother in Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho*. So much for the wise old woman. Maya might destroy me with her dancing in the spinning wheel. Diane had to offer me a fairy tale reality about a God who laughed at me through that obscene giggle.

I must be ignorant, because I was Socrates. I was the smartest of them all. That is when I met Lisa online who introduced me to Flash interaction and animation. We began a beautiful friendship. I shared my manuscript with her and I shared my artwork with her. Sharing my manuscript was an excellent way to open up to women when I was an INTP who spent so much time living inside my head. I never knew how to unfold my introversion in a way that might let a woman know that I exist. Writing became the best way to meet a woman and get close to them. Lisa had a website. I let her use my artwork on her site. She shared software with me. She also shared the secret world of woman, and how they talk about men to their friends. There was Romeo her cat with a another cat who kept shoving pussy in his face, but Romeo did not seem to notice, and he was no Romeo. Neither was I. Actually I knew, I just did not feel strongly about sexual interaction. That was never my motivation. I wanted to know a woman's mind, and what made them think they were so special. She tried to engage me in phone sex, but some men are not good at talking dirty. I was the Peter Cushing fan. I was the gentle man of horror, and women frightened me. There was no attraction, and I was simply looking for a friend.

I became a Flash master in a matter of weeks. I built my own website. I finally found digital art that I could use to bombard the viewer with the same type of images that I might see in a hypnogogic hallucination. Flash gave a wide range of possibilities to explore in creating my own magic that I fashioned out of my visionary world. Unfortunately, it was nothing but brain candy. I did not find a practical use for Flash other than creating other websites. I tried to start my own business as a web designer, but my own website was too dark. It did not serve well as a promotional tool, and I needed someone with a business mind to partner with.

Lisa knew how to make the connections, and how to network while I had the talent. But she saw me as a love interest, and I only hurt her. I was not experienced at expressing myself sexually, and it never felt natural even if I was a mammal. I knew it in theory. I had the internet. I had pornography. I was passionate in my head, but I always felt clumsy about it. I could write like Romeo, but I could not act like him. I was a brain without a body in the astral world.

I realized that becoming a writer was a great way to reach out to people and a great way to meet women. Women will fall in love with you if you share the intimate details of your life in a way that does not threaten them with the venom of horror. If you present yourself as a humble writer with a humble pen you might come across the high class and attractive woman who might consider sleeping with you. Even if you write about your dog women will still fall in love with you. If you

are expressive of your feelings, and you search your feelings, women love to talk about their feelings. Women love language that deals with feelings. But you must be very careful about discussing feelings with a woman, and you must understand that a woman's feelings are more important than a man's feelings. Feelings are something that everyone has. If I only care about my own feelings how do you feel about that?

The English majors are the most interesting women to weave your web around. You will become an essential part of a woman's unconscious landscape if you know how to reach inside a woman's mind with something strong yet sensitive. Women love a strong man with sensitive feelings. But they want the gentle man of horror who recognizes his own weaknesses as character faults that he must change to please her. I always hear it....I love you, now change. I might change reality if I change my brain. If I thought my brain is what a woman wanted. And of course becoming an essential part of a woman's mind all depends on whether they have a mind. No one knows what is lurking around every corner of the deep abyss that is the frightening world of a woman's psyche. No one can measure a woman's mind in the same way that no one can measure a dream. Dreams come from higher dimensions where four dimensional space casts shadows on the third dimension. It is the same with a woman. They are operating on a higher level in a higher dimension of space and time where they are conscious of their feelings. It is as though they have searched their feelings for many millenniums while man is mentally challenged and immature. A woman's mind is like a dream. If it is beyond man's ability to measure with knowledge then it does not exist. As if a woman is an

alien intelligence that is not modeled after the human mind of man. As if she arrives to man who he himself is an alien to existence with nothing to connect them but a meaningful coincidence.

That is when I met the second Julie in The *Empire Strikes Back*. It was another Julie with bipolar, and for some reason I loved women with manic depression. I had taken a plane to California with Justin and my father to visit Laura. Laura was getting married, and Julie was her best friend. I should have known from experience that women named Julie were no good for me. After all, I was not Romeo. I was the eccentric weirdo with a triangle in the new geometry of an alien tongue. Let none be ignorant of geometry, and let none be ignorant of a woman's eyes. They lead to the higher dimensions of a dream where I can not measure a woman's mind. If I can not measure a dream then a woman's mind does not exist. It should be on the door of every academy that a woman's mind is like a hypercube unfolding into four dimensional space in *Plato's Allegory of the Cave*. Might I be the slave that came upon the Good, the Real, or the great illusion of love in life's illusions where love is a mirage in the windows of her soul. Like serpents in the sea of the deep abyss that might attack me with kindness if kindness is the knowledge of an orange.

Julie was an English major, and she had short stories published. Unlike myself, who wrote about the big picture, Julie picked small details about life and weaved stories around them. She focused in on the little things. She used to work at *MTV* on that dating show *Singled Out.* She knew all the secrets of Hollywood stars. I was certain she knew

why I watched *MTV* as a child, and she became curious why I was still a *Star Trek* fan who talked like I never kissed a woman. She had tattoos before they became popular. She had a tattoo of Daffy Duck and I had a tattoo of the Road Runner. We were destined to die together as we danced at the wedding reception in the revelations of dancing death. That all dancing is dust in retrospect.

Woman will sleep with you if you write a book if you know how to make them cry. Or at least they will fantasize about who you might become if you get published. A woman would never dream of sleeping with me for any other reason other than my mind if I found my mind. They won't sleep with me unless I make them cry; otherwise, they laugh and call me stupid. I never depend on a woman to build me up or message my ego. They only plan to tear me down. They get me at the core and then they try to gain advantage, and I need to be forgiven for being inherently evil. Little do they know that I am the master of the absurd.

I got very friendly with Julie. When I came home we started a correspondence. I gave her a work of art as a gift. What was one of my masterpieces now became an essential part of her unconscious landscape where I visited her through my astral travels across the country in a dream that I created on canvas. It was a divine entity that I used to show her my true feelings. I let her read my book, and she sent me a book as a gift about writing. Writing was its own reward. As fantastic and meaningful as you imagine your story might be to yourself and others, the critics might think it is trash where it belongs. The worst

thing you can do is invest years of your life with your heart and soul in a book that bombs.

For some reason my writing made Julie curious about my sexuality. What I thought was as significant as the final revision to The Fisher King in a map of reality that was never completed in the middle ages became a balloon that burst. When I was in the process of writing I felt I was writing a new beginning for the Western World. I fell in love with what I was doing while I wrote about my visionary life. I don't know why my sexuality was an issue in the book. I was not writing about my sexual experiences. I did not write about my first sexual experience with a woman where I found I was impotent. I did not write about my incestuous feelings for my brother, or my homosexual tendencies. But the book made her curious about my sexuality, which made me think about liberating things in my book. For some reason people always saw my self portraits and my autobiographical material as an expression of sexual identity when I was truly androgynous. I was so unlike my brothers who knew they wanted women right away. Even Lee had more experience then I did.

Julie and I shared personal things that we never shared with other people in our entire lives. I never thought I could get that close to a woman, and then I found out that she had a fiance. I was so heartbroken that she simply wanted my friendship even after she expressed that she loved me. According to her she thought about sleeping with me, but those feeling were confusing to her. God forbid if I have a divine entity that messes with a woman's feelings when my

feelings are irrelevant.

I became a raging alcoholic in my apartment. Eventually, I told Laura how I truly felt about her when I first met her. She started to tell me what she truly thought about me saying that friends will tell you the truth. Of course it was all my fault that I did not know how to treat a friend. I was loyal to my dog. Peanut Butter was my spirit guide who loved me more than any woman. My dog loved me unconditionally if I was a good friend to woman or not. I did not need a woman to spit on me when I was self motivated to go it alone as an independent individual. Woman always made me feel like they were doing me a favor by simply talking to me when I always knew that woman are the downfall of every man who comes into power. That was the untimely fate of Napi in The Sun Came Down by Percy Bullchild while Creator sun destroyed him. It was a woman that shouted at him while he turned into a great pine tree for all the world to see. I always knew that I was Napi wrestling with woman like Andy Kaufman in a joke that only I understood about my Blackfoot Elders. That was the pathway to immortality. Julie and Laura were best friends who stuck together when I started drinking. And if Laura crossed me again her head would end up in my freezer where I might find my only friend in a Surrealist painting about dismembered body parts.

My thinking became very violent, and I became very conscious of it. I went to the library and got books about anger. No matter how much reading I did I had violent thoughts that would not stop. Alcohol was the only medication that relaxed my thinking, but at the same time I always

drank alone and the thoughts never went away. I checked into Butler hospital to do a detox, and find some answers about anger disorders. It turns out that there was no such thing as an anger disorder. There was simply anger management for everyone who experienced anger, which was a perfectly natural part of being human. I went back to writing, and I decided to be human in my writing. My metaphors became brutal, and what was a humble pen from a humble life became an in your face vomit of peas. Of course I had to eat my peas. The letters of each word were peas that I organized into a schematic of brutal anger towards mankind in a language of alien words that were preposterous in the etymology of my own words. I created my own alphabet in the ripping jaws of the language that I wanted to taste like the gushing blood of existence in the violence of the sun. If I was Hannibal Lecture I would own every woman with the mind games of my own God that I might be the God they answer to. But who was I but a buffoon that they could drive to drink. If only I was a doctor I might write a book that deserved respect, but even Doctors asked why I did not commit suicide when I told them I had plans. God is always laughing at me through that obscene giggle because I make plans with woman named Julie. Death comes upon me in violent thunderstorm of rainy day women when I am least suspecting it. It will blind side me from every direction in the house of infinite recursion. And how dare a woman come to me with knowledge.

I got sober. I spent all my time working on my book. Eventually I had about 500 pages. I was in the process of working on my book when 911 happened. It woke up the entire world, and it changed everything

about what I was doing. Suddenly, there was not simply the conspiracy of the people in my hometown. There was a global conspiracy that struck terror into the heart of every man, woman, and child on the face of the earth. I remember drifting through time with the anger management music that was popular in the mainstream. There was a commercial on the radio. "What are we going to do? Expose ourselves. What until the world gets a load of us." I think it was a commercial for beer, but little did I know how 911 might reveal a *Monolith* in the World Trade Center in 2001. How it effected the evolution of all mankind in the terror that fulfilled the prophecy of *The Space Odyssey.* The world was worried about computers shutting down with the date and time of 2001, but no one saw the World Trade Center coming.

What if my book headed straight towards the World Trade Center? I began to think it was that significant. That was how much I invested myself into the project. And if the world was going to self destruct why bother offering anything to anyone unless I offered everything to the world on a suicide mission. What if I was the blazing Zeppelin of all humanity? How my own death might serve as a monument that made people paranoid all around the world. I might be a hero who self destructed in a plane to paradise. What if I was a martyr for something significant such as The Fisher King and a new beginning for the Western World? It was the magical thinking that made me believe that I was that significant. I had no idea my book might end up in the trash and be forgotten by mankind. What would I do, but reveal myself, and wait until the world got a load of me. I would never kill anyone. I was the gentle man of horror, but I would damn well think it like anger that I

turned against myself in the Death Star of my own brain candy. I would never evacuate in my moment of triumph. I was the Peter Cushing fan.

I was among the elite with Peter Cushing when an old friend came to visit my mother. Mike was an inspiring artist, writer, and actor who graduated from Rhode Island College. He saw his share of horror with women, and he had all the pieces of the puzzle that he brought to my mother in a movie. He had many connections and he filmed a movie that he starred in. Years ago I bet him my life when him and Adam came to visit. I thought they were making fun of me when they wanted me to draw a wanted poster of a someone in the neighborhood. For some reason I identified with the subject I was drawing. I always put myself into my art, and I bet Mike my life that I was drawing a wanted poster of myself. When Mike came to my mother and dropped of the movie I felt I owed him my life for the bet that I made many years ago when I identified with the subject that Adam wanted me to draw. After all, I made a bet, and what if I was wrong? Maybe I was not drawing a self-portrait. Maybe I was simply disturbed. It had been years since I last saw him, and the last thing that I knew about Mike was the bet that I made him. He only contacted me through my mother, and he left me his email. That was how I got in touch with him, and I let him read my book. We never saw each other face to face, but I was impressed with his movie. I had no idea he had so much talent, and he revealed to me that I was always his creative inspiration ever since childhood. He thought that me writing a book was the next logical step in my creative life. And I thought that my book was going to be the most significant piece of literature in the history of mankind. After all, I was an

important historical figure with magical thinking. Mike had all the pieces of the puzzle that I wanted to put together, and Mike had the connections. Besides, I bet him my life.

He was so busy, and my health began to fail while I was waiting for him to finish my manuscript. He was proofreading it, making corrections, and offering me criticism. Writing was his area of expertise as he wrote screen plays, but of course, I was writing a new beginning for the Western World. Never in a thousand years would my life end up with letters of rejection. I was sitting on a hot stove waiting for him with an idle mind. An idle mind is the devils playground, and I began to deteriorate wondering if I owed him my life for a bet about a drawing that I did many years ago for Adam. I always took my words seriously. My words were always venom that were written in the blood of a mouth that got me in trouble like a snake eating its tail in the end of the alphabet with Z. I made a bet that I was going to cut my throat. But I wanted to write a book about a new alphabet with The Letters of Van Gogh in a language of aliens where I visit another planet the way Van Gogh wished he might do when he died. He eventually commuted suicide. That is when I met Lindsay.

I decided I might take a chance on another women for whatever reason I had if love was truly real as John Lennon believed it to be. I found a pen pal ad online. I loved The Letters of Van Gogh, and I became one to write letters. I kept a correspondence with many women online, and I fashioned my letters as works of art. Writing to women was how I learned to write the English language with a truly

poetic style of Surreal metaphors that made women cry. Lindsay was one of those women that I made cry. She was another English major, and how I loved to play with words. I loved to make language my toy in the etymology of words like the peas that I ate in the letters that I combined. So long as I did not vomit them with venom. So long as I did not need an exorcist.

Lindsay saw nothing but beautiful things in me, and I wanted to become one of the beautiful people. She took an interest in my book, which had become about my mental illness. As I began to realize in life I was not the only person who suffered a mental illness. So many people I came across visited psychiatric wards and they all had serious issues. Lindsay was someone who was abused by her father, and I felt that she was someone I could never hurt. I felt that I had to be someone positive in her life. I wanted to share the experience of contact the way Jodie Foster had a positive experience with her father in the movie *Contact.* I wanted to be someone special to someone to simply know that my life was not in vain. Perhaps I was sensitive enough to die for a woman if a woman is what I wanted. If a woman was worth the effort I was going to publish my book for Lindsay.

When Lindsay read my manuscript she was astounded. I thought I might truly be significant, but the release also exhausted me. She believed it was going to help a lot of people, and she could not believe the strength of my character. I was putting a greater good before my own needs as Diane would have me do. The needs of the many outweighed my own meager existence as a no one special to anyone,

but now there was Lindsay. She also believed that my book was scholarly, which was a comment I always appreciated. I did not want to write a book for eighth graders. I wanted to reach the college audience the way *The Beatles* reached the college audience with *Sergeant Pepper*. I thought my book might have the same repercussions the way Charlie Manson thought he might be bigger than *The Beatles*. I wanted to base my life on the story of The Fisher King, and the book The Sun Came Down by Percy Bullchild. It was written by my Blackfoot Elders. I wanted to do things the same way Charlie based his life on the book How to Influence People and Make Friends. There was good and evil in every waking thought that had equal and opposite reactions to each other in a Yin Yang of light and darkness. It was all magical thinking. Women played a wicked game, and I did not want to attract the little girls. I wanted the women with an education, and woman made up the majority of the audience that enjoyed reading. They mature faster than men, and they start reading before men do. Holly could read in Kindergarten when I did not start reading until the third grade. It almost seemed to be a law of nature that all men are mentally retarded until they reach twenty-five. That was the age that I decided to become a writer and make women cry. Suddenly I began to believe what I was doing was truly significant in more than my own mind, but the mind of a woman. I only felt for people in the synchronicity of contact. That was the only thing that kept me connected to others in common place reality, and that was the only thing I loved about a woman. I could share the higher dimension of Maya who might destroy me with her dancing as the real world vanished from sight.

But then of course, I was going to have to face reality. Words have severe repercussions in the world of words and The War Of The Worlds. In the Radio Broadcast of a little know alien invasion people might panic and commit suicide. Ideas can kill. That is the power of an innovative idea. For the love of God, my mother might die chanting if I became the beast. War is deception. It is the nature of the beast, but every man must betray his mother at some point. It was Lindsay that I might die for that I might escape my mother.

I published the book with a print on demand publishing company. I named it The Other Side Of Sight (A Doorway At The End Of insanity). Everything about the process of publishing was insane, and an idle mind is the devil's playground. My Aunt Diane supported me, and Lindsay was the light at the end of the tunnel. The book reached NBC while I was dreaming with my eyes open. Something had happened, and after many years of going insane in circles I was going to see results. For some reason I believed I was significant in the world of words. Failure was never an option in my blazing Zeppelin that might strike the World Trade Center with the terror of a frightening invalid on a prophetic mission. I think her name was Sheryl Harper. She was the press coordinator at *NBC* who picked up my book and decided to call me out of nowhere. I did not see her blind siding me with anything. I simply saw a new beginning for the Western World, and I was the Mozart who might make the madness of mankind mean something. I might orchestrate the entire world into a symphony that only I understood, and never was my book trash that might end up in the garbage. After

all, it was a reflection of my entire psyche, and the psyche of mankind, in a photograph that I took of a dream where dreams never happened in the first place. Only I could prove them, and I was going to be the pioneer of all reality with a flag on the moon that made Armstrong look like a child.

When I talked to Sheryl on the phone I had the *Pretender* by Jackson Browne running through my head. I had started out so young and strong. Now I was on the phone with an important person in an important position that could make or break me. I was only going to surrender. She did not understand the Schizo-affective disorder that I had, or how I tried to explain it in my book. She asked me if I was afraid people might call me stupid because I could not explain it. In fact, the entire book was stupid and between the lines she was laughing at me. She did confess that she bipolar, and in a way she related to me. She thought I was very courageous, but I had no idea what the repercussions of this book might be. I had no idea what people might say about me or what people might think about me. People already called me stupid, and I was hoping to redeem my intellectual powers. She loved the fact that someone wrote a book and came out of nowhere to simply say that they did not give a flying fuck. She was pressing me to stand up for my work, but I felt that she destroyed me. At the end of the conversation she told me that *NBC* was not ready for the material. She said they needed a doctor. All of my hopes and dreams began and ended there.

I found myself in therapy. Not only did I fall short of glory, but the

repercussions in my family made me contemplate suicide. The pain of the exposure was excruciating. Being sensitive I was naked with no business writing a book. I was in psychotherapy for a good six months while I played the honesty game with a trained professional. Life was difficult and painful. And those where the first words of The Road Less Traveled. My therapist gave me the book in condescending way. As if he wrote it himself. As if he wanted to laugh at the fairy tale that my parents told me and my map of reality.

Lindsay left me after her step father died. Just when I thought I might be important in someone else's life they did not need me. I was left with nothing, but an apartment, and a nervous breakdown. I terminated my contract with my publisher, but the stories circulated around the world in a global conspiracy that reached into the heart of every man, woman, and child on the face of the earth. No one related, and not only did I become an alien to existence, but my mother had a dream that I became the Anti-Christ with a cult following. She was going to die chanting, and my entire identity was about her. That was the way she always treated me. She expected me to crucify myself for every waking thought and action that I wrote about. There is nothing patriarchal about religion and she never left the convent.

I had no reason to wake up in the morning. Even my Aunt gave me the shaft. I went back to writing another book and revising my map of reality. I took my first book into therapy, and my therapist had asked me to reread it after intense therapy sessions that only broke me. I went back to my book and revised everything. They have that poem

about footsteps where you are walking alone and God carries you, but I always felt that you go alone in any event. No one holds your hand, and you never realize that you belong with God in a world that does not want you. I revised my entire map of reality after therapy and I published my second book, I've Been here My Entire Life. The book was entirely confessional, and I wanted to purge everything before I died.

My parents soon divorced and I began to build a relationship with my father. My father and I were left standing alone with nothing in life. When I was working on my second book he told me not to quit my day job. Not only did I not have a day job, but no one in their right mind was going to hire me after the stories that got out in the community. Just when you think you have lost everything, you can always lose a little more.

I had another book that brought me to Suzanna, and the Hotel Theory of Heaven where Heaven is a place on earth. As Christ might say, "It is here. It is now." I never wanted to reach an eighth grade audience, and I was looking for intellect in a woman. I was seeking out those of the same, or a greater maturity, that I might write a book for them that didn't end up in the garbage. Learning about women, and the way women used language, was the way I wanted to use my own language. I wanted to impress them in the etymology of my own words in the letters I combined of abstract thoughts to express the music of Mozart. Language was the key to intimacy, and the cure for impotence. It was not about Viagra. It was all about love. If John Lennon was right that was all I truly needed in a world of rejection letters that said my life

was not interesting enough for people to read.

I loved The Letters of Van Gogh, and I was always in need of intellectual stimulation. I posted a pen pal ad that Suzanna found fascinating. Suzanna was a couple of years older than me. When I first began a correspondence she sent me pictures of herself as a child. I would visit sites online to find out what love actually was in personality tests that tested whether or not I was capable of love. One of the questions that proved you loved someone was simple, "Would I cry for Suzanna?" I hardly knew who she was, but she felt vulnerable enough to send me a picture of herself as a child. I went over the question in my mind as I first began writing to her, and I cried. She was a virgin. I had something special. I was her first love. She was looking to lose her cyber virginity, but I was a tease. I even tried to quit smoking for her, which is something I would never do for anyone, including myself. She told me that the woman at the jewelry shop told her that she met someone special. She gave her earrings, and told her that they belonged to her. I began to form theories about psychics, and how much they can truly see about people in the same way that *Yoda* watched *Luke* all of his life.

"Ready are you? What know you of ready? For eight hundred years have I trained Jedi. My own counsel will I keep on who is to be trained. A Jedi must have the deepest commitment, the most serious mind. This one a long time have I watched. All his life has he looked away... to the future, to the horizon. Never his mind on where he was. Hmm? What he was doing. Hmph. Adventure. Heh. Excitement. Heh. A Jedi craves not

these things. You are reckless." ~ Yoda

Up to that point, Suzanna was the highest class women I had met. She knew so many important people with classified information, and how dare a woman come to me with knowledge. She is young and old at the same time dancing and weaving her web in the etymology of words that create the schematic of the spinning wheel in the cosmos. Maya was every woman that I offered my heart to if my offer was great enough. If she received my greatest. I always gave woman my artwork as a gift. I sent Suzanna music and art that I painted, and she read my books. Once again, I had the opportunity to be important in someone else's life that my life might not be in vain. I also had my Flash presentations online, and Suzanna came to believe the relationship was futuristic. She had never taken a pen pal ad so seriously, but it is amazing how close people can truly be in sharing the written word. I sent her a piece of my blanket that my mother kept from when I was a child in a small wooden chest as a gift. My mother saved many things from my childhood. What else would I do but give them to a woman that I loved? To love at all was to be vulnerable. We all had an inner child that wanted love in life. I wanted to feel the rain all around me in a song by Enya called the *Wild Child*. We shared our childhood memories with each other. We shared the burning excitement of childhood. Love was an act of regression.

She was living in Spain and working at the Embassy. It was a career. I did not know what a career was, but a woman places all of her heart and soul into her career. They are career oriented, and I did not

care if I washed dishes. I was an eccentric genius who was misunderstood. It was always a dream of mine to wash dishes while I supported my creative endeavors to accomplish something creative. A career meant very little to me. Washing dishes might keep me grounded while I worked with my theories of virtual reality. All reality was becoming virtual, and the essence of our love was a virtual relationship where I lost sight of the real world. No wonder the real world vanishes when I love a woman. If I washed dishes all the adventure I might need would be Suzanna. I might make a career out of getting close to her if the Anima is man's masterpiece.

Suzanna and I became so close that we talked about marriage and children. The man who brought her back home to Texas was the man who she was going to spend the rest of her life with. She had to travel the world before she died with no regrets, but Texas was her home. She had the Hotel Theory of Heaven in every culture that she knew around the world, and she was special. But I had nothing to offer but my dreams in pieces on the ground as James Taylor might write about *the flying machines*. I was a mess, and what might have been my ticket to a better life was something that I decided to throw away in wanting to create my masterpiece. To be an artist and an author is what I wanted in the accomplishment of something creative. I felt I could not be a husband and father who chose to wash dishes as a career. Suzanna worked at the embassy in Spain, and of all the things I can imagine I can not imagine love. I can imagine the artificial intelligence of an alien mind that I talk to in searching myself for answers with no one else to blame. Can I end the program now? So many years of crying about the

golden city in the summer mirage. I always thought that I might be important in the life of someone else. And how dare a woman come to me with the knowledge of love's illusions that I might never cry again. What I might have become, and why do they require my greatest?

As the ghost of Christmas past might say, “Almost carries no weight. Especially in matters of the heart.”

I met other woman in The Letters of Van Gogh, but Suzanna is the one that I left behind who left me with the thought in its most ferocious form. The eternal recurrence. I came across Beck from New Zealand who helped me write another book. When I knew Beck I wrote An Alien To Existence, and she was my editor. Unfortunately, we were friends who fooled around with cyber sex, which only complicated things. It was the first time I lost my cyber virginity. Beck wanted to know if I was well hung, and all guys measured themselves. Eight inches was enough to impress Beck, but my magic wand could not violate the properties of space and time. I could make a woman scream, but not in cyber space. I felt ridiculous having cyber sex, and it only created a complicated bond between us that got in the way of what I wanted to achieve as a writer. Beck knew all the games that I played, as she claimed I was the master of mind games. According to her I put women through my process, and all women were the helpless victims of my evil game. Beck knew all the games, but she did not know the goodbye game, which was my favorite game to play with a woman.

I don't know what happened to her. Women sometimes expressed thoughts of suicide when I got too close to them, and Beck claimed she

was fighting for her survival in holding on to me. Every woman thought that they were the best thing that ever happened to me. I could always manage alone as an independent individual concerned with creative accomplishment. I had everything I needed inside me, and I considered myself a complete person. In all reality I simply wanted an editor that might help me write a book which was not meant for eighth graders. I wanted to appeal to the college audience, and I was hoping Beck might help me write something advanced.

When I first met her I was her pup who had ideas about the Jelly Fish People, and they were jolly. If I was Dr. Seuss I was going to become the next guru to own every woman on the face of the earth with the Jelly Fish People. They were jolly patterns of light in the cones and rods of my retina after staring at a light bulb and reaching the samadhi of a complete Buddha. They were that significant that I might come to the earth to bring light, love, peace, and understanding. I might have *Sexy Sadie* in a *Beatles* song about the Maharishi if I was the bearer of light like Lucifer. The secret to having women was like the secret to being funny. I had to know my audience, and I seriously needed a woman to learn the language. I wanted to be more tiger than pup, and that was when Veronica asked me to jump. I did not ask her how high. I simply got out my trampoline and started jumping. Having sex with an obsessed woman is one of the seventh wonders of the world, and I repeat, having sex with an obsessed woman is one of the seventh wonders of the world. Even if it is only phone sex, it counts. It was like having sex with an alien from many dimensions away in the contact of what I might believe to be the eighth wonder of the world.

That was as close as I might come to perfection. The quest for perfection leads to chronic unhappiness. Making love must be perfect and it makes me miserable. I want to make love to a woman with Mozart writing a symphony like a psychic on acid. It is truly exciting with a woman if there is a chance you may die.

As Salvador Dali once said, ”Have no fear of perfection – you'll never reach it.”

Veronica was a graduate of UCLA who did social work. I must have painted five paintings designed especially for her. She also did modeling, but she would never send me a picture. She thought I was shallow because I needed to know what she looked like if I was going to express myself sexually with her. I did not truly care what she looked like. She was truly dark and purely sexual like a stranger in a dark room. And it was a stranger in a dark room that was the ultimate sexual fantasy that she wanted to have with a man. She was from California, but she had no intentions of visiting. She was afraid I might pull a *Shining* in a Stephen King Novel, and that is what I did over the phone.

Love was deep, and dark, and disturbing when I wrote The Creature Of The Wildcard and dedicated it to my dog. I had a relapse in my apartment. I started doing cough medicine and experimenting with a mind machine that I bought online to find inspiration for my next masterpiece. Mind machines use pulsing rhythmic sounds and flashing lights to alter the frequency of the user's brainwaves. Mind machines induce deep states of relaxation, concentration, and in some cases altered states of consciousness. The states they achieve have been

compared to those obtained from meditation and shamanic exploration. The machines synchronize brainwaves and are said to enhance performance of intellectual abilities. Mind machines work by creating a flickering ganzfeld. Flickering ganzfeld produces different effects from a static one. Mind machines can often also produce a static ganzfeld. They are not FDA-approved in the United States. Some companies have been shut down and seen their devices destroyed. I used a mind machine with cough medicine that has similar effects to ketamine. I was introduced to a world of light and sound that made all reality an illusion as though there was an alternative to death. I based The Creature Of The Wildcard on an alternate reality.

The majority of my dreams are alternate realities that have no connection to the world I wake in, and I have no idea where the information comes from that I dream. My dreams can only come from my experimentation with mind altering substances and mind machines. Nothing in reality serves as a seed that might produce a dream that I have. They are alien civilizations in a virtual reality of alien environments that have no seed in reality that might create them, or make them relate to reality. In some dreams there are people that I know from reality, but they only relate to the alien world that I dream. There are entire worlds in each of my dreams that are alternate realities of all possible worlds and worlds unto themselves in The War of The Worlds. The Creature Of The Wildcard was a deep and dark fantasy that began to explore the possibilities of alternate worlds. There are worlds that I might dream in and beyond the boundary of death itself where my dreams are an alternative to death. If death is certain I never know

it, and my dreams evolve into entire worlds that are worlds unto themselves. If information can not be destroyed I have a camera of aliens to existence that I witness in all reality as a black hole swallows the light of all existing things in the revelations of the universe.

After the book went live I broke up with Veronica. I had created a state of psychosis, and she wanted me to grow up. I was not relationship material. And of course, I had dedicated my book to my dog. I was going to die for my dog, but not for Veronica. My father had supported me in the process. I did an interview with Reader Views. It is still online. It was the first time I did public speaking, and I did it on the internet. My father thought it was an excellent book before things got out of control and I began to open the gates of hell in my apartment. The other tenets were always at my door with pitchforks and torches. I wrote a book about an alternate reality that I found in my apartment. Though the main character was the God of Alternity as well as the Anti-Christ, he never truly left his apartment. But he could punish God, and the rest of mankind, with Jesus on Mars and Jesus on acid. I began to believe that my mother was right, and I was so significant that I truly fulfilled the prophecy of the Anti-Christ. It was all magical thinking that made me believe I was the futant Messiah with a genetic futant caste wired for the role of evolutionary agent.

My father said I was an excellent writer that might have been great at writing children's books, but it was my subject matter that sucked. And I had invested so much of myself in what I created. I only cared about creative accomplishment. To fail again like *Luke* in the Cave of

The Empire Strikes Back where he kills his father only to see himself. The book was my confrontation with the Jungian Shadow. It was my apprentice piece. It almost went big time if I did not crumble like Syd Barrett in *The Wall* as he is sentenced to be exposed before his peers, which is his deepest fear. And there I was with the memory of my dearly departed Golden Retriever. I did not understand why Veronica thought I was such a difficult person to love. Veronica thought that I never understood in the first place. Veronica thought that my dog understood.

Just then, Ann hit me between the eyes with Instant Karma. She came right off the street with the wisdom of the street and a broom stick in the angel of death. I wanted to be alone with A Beginner's Guide To Constructing The Universe by Michael S Schneider. The mathematical archetypes in nature, art, and science are what I wanted to master in building my own church with another book out of triangles. Without realizing it we pierce polarity by counting to three. Percival was one of only three knights in the legend of King Arthur to find the Grail. His name meant “pierce the valley.” In building a church with geometry, and the quest for reality, I wanted to be alone with the grail. But suddenly I had pierced reality to find a woman with multiple personalities.

Ann was a schizophrenic. Everyone knew Ann. They called her the mattress behind CVS, which is where I lived. I was the only one who did not know her. I was the only one in the neighborhood who did not know anyone. I was always alone, and I made friends online. Ann

followed me home one day after she verbally abused me when we first met on the street. She told me that the war was coming, and that I should hold on to my dreams. Jesus was coming and he was pissed. Living in my imagination I could imagine the worst. I could imagine Jesus coming. Jesus on Mars and Jesus on acid, and I opposed the second coming of Christ. I did not know being the Anti-Christ was not an occupation, but I was ambitious. In all reality I believed what my mother believed about me. That was how much of an influence she had over my system of beliefs.

Reality sucked according to Ann, and I was going to find out why. She came knocking on my door when I realized I was disgusted by women, and I wanted to be alone. Even if I had to die, I wanted to die alone. I had the same last words as Edgar Allen Poe, "God have mercy on my pour soul!" And then I overdosed on psychotropic medication in a panic. I kept hearing a voice that sad, "Do it now!" People were expecting me to do something about my situation in life after I published The Creature of The Wildcard. I was becoming an existentialist. I was existing. My father kept telling me to do something. The bills were coming in, but I was capable of nothing but suicide. When Ann came knocking the voices would not stop, and I did not know what it is the voices wanted me to do. I decided to do it now. I decided to end my life when the big bad wolf came knocking at my door. Ann was such a monster, and I've never seen a woman so dirty in my entire life. But I had become a Kentucky fried person as dirty as dirt could be. Who knew if she ate human flesh like the flesh eaters that abducted her across country and cracked open her skull. I did not want another

obsessed woman that was going to kill me if I did not please her with more of my magic when the soil went bad on the other side. She was the generation that said, “Hell no, we won't go!” She simply came over to make me smile, but I had an allergic reaction to reality the way I always do. The sun made me sneeze.

They ended up putting me in the psych unit at Fatima Hospital with Christians that I did not believe had any right practicing psychology with prayer and telling me that reality was Satan. Satan is real and he is out there. The people who worked their had no education. They did not even speak English very well. It was a stone age psych ward with Jesus people. From what I understand they were not even operating a legal operation the way they worked with the mentally ill. And besides, I believed that I was the Anti-Christ. And if not the Anti-Christ, I was *Harry Potter* with people who still believed in official witchcraft trials.

I ended up alone with Ann who wanted oral sex. According to Bill Clinton it does not mean anything. But it makes the news of the world, and entropy has no reverse. Ann thought I was a pussy tease. I tasted it, and it did not smell the way I thought it might. She wanted me to lick the wound when she had her period, but I told her it was too dirty. She said I had never been married before. I was more of a breast man anyway. A bought her a painting after she returned the favor. Perhaps I was not impotent. She said I might make her scream, but because I was so tense she got rid of me. Ann thought I was totally schizo, and she left me alone with the voices. I even asked her if I could take her home to meet my mother. Of all things to do with a woman off the street who

looked like the angel of death I decided to fall in love. I thought God was punishing me. What should have been great oral sex was a Biblical nightmare about the Anti-Christ and the angel of death. She was fun, but I had no idea that was all I might ever see. If I saw her on the street she said I did not know her, and that was where I ended up with a book about constructing the universe. I was no longer ignorant of geometry.

"Make sure to send a lazy man for the angel of death" ~ Yiddish Proverb

I attempted suicide two more times in my apartment, and the emergency crew asked me why I don't finish the job. They ended up giving me electro convulsive therapy, but they did not understand what was wrong with me. They actually told me that there was nothing wrong me. I had tried to commit suicide three consecutive times, and they had to give me electro convulsive therapy because there was nothing wrong with me.

I liked the Doctor. He was interesting. We both took an interest in each other and he read The Creature Of The Wildcard. We played all sorts of mind games. He told me to write another book about how I got my penis back. At the hospital one of the staff said God does not make garbage. Then she told me that my life was a do over, but death was my beautiful adventure. The Doctor told me to enjoy my adventure with a cigarette. They burnt off my leg and they gave me the ashes as a souvenir thinking I might not remember with electro convulsive therapy. I agreed to have my father place me in an assisting living. I could not trust myself to live alone. And I did not trust the dollar bill

that spoke about God and garbage. The hospital wanted something in return for all the effort that they put into me, but looking back there was nothing wrong with me except for God.

When I was close to death in my apartment as I tried to follow through with suicide I saw death as Creation in a bizarre mess of disorder that I might create on canvas. The death trip was Surreal art. It was very bizarre, but there was no God. There was nothing but art. There was the entire breakdown in the system of things that revealed the bizarre, or a primordial image of Creation. Entropy went from Maya, the Spinning Woman of cosmic meaning, balance, and order in an isolated system, to the disorder of a pile of bricks that destroyed the schematic of my entire foundation. My foundation was organized into a schematic of symbols in the etymology of words that created entire worlds in a gateway of archetypes. Worlds that I dream in the reality of all possible worlds that might evolve from the order of a schematic that synthesized reality. It was the foundation of a church that I might build with the geometry of virtual reality in rendering the geometry of entire worlds. I was not dead, and neither was my vision. If another woman came to me with knowledge again I might recreate Maya with the wisdom of what I evolve upon in knowing my failures. God or Goddess, or great illusion. No wonder the real world vanishes in *The Lord Of The Rings.* He who bears the ring when even the very wise can not see all ends in the house of infinite recursion. That a door might appear with questions that go answered like an anomaly in reality.

HEXAD

The Winchester Mystery House

"The existence of pentagons and hexagons doth neatly declare how nature Geometrizeth and observeth order in all things."

~ Sir Thomas Browne ~

When I came to Donnella's Manor I had nothing, I had no one, and no one wanted me. All of my possessions were brought to my mother's house. I had my computer, and I had my dream of writing another book about how I might rebuild my life. Or perhaps a book about how I might see society now that I was being institutionalized. Somehow assisted living was very similar to being sent to an institution to live with the mentally disabled and the mentally challenged.

Bob was my roommate. He was a mean and grumpy old man who hated people. His father had money, and he placed Bob in institutions throughout his life. Everyone made fun of Bob because he was a dirty old man, but I enjoyed his attitude. I could tolerate him even if he still had his bad habits from adolescence. I was probably the only one who got friendly with him, and he told me his story. Every morning he woke up with the same old shit from centuries ago. He relived it in his head throughout the entire day as he yelled at the commercials on television.

Donnella was a young woman who ran the place until Nancy moved back in. Nancy was Donnella's mother. They saw people in a way that made them wise to the street, and I definitely wanted to pick their brain having nothing but a book. Most of the people had mental retardation. It was a small group, and the staff loved me right away. I fit right in. I was the responsible adult, or so I could pretend. Nancy liked me right away, and it was my sense of humor that got her attention. There was an attraction, and I was going to have my fun with her head. Nancy was the type of woman who loved books about serial killers. She originally thought I was a serial killer, but that was not my game. I

simply thought about things that might make people think. She was tough with a whip, and this was her Hotel California where she had lots of pretty boys. I liked Nancy right away, and I gained her trust when I helped people in the house. There was the Memorial Hospital across the street and I took one of the tenants there when he was ready to drop. After that I was welcome in the kitchen. Nancy did not let just anyone in the kitchen. She was the gatekeeper with a kitchen knife, and if anything I loved a woman who took control. I loved to laugh at them. Little do they know that I am the master of the absurd.

I told Nancy and Donnella personal things. I shared my portfolio of artwork with them. I also wrote a book while I was there that I let them read. I did not publish, but it helped strengthen my will after electro convulsive therapy. I was trying to recall things. The treatment messes with a person's memory. I remembered waking up in places, but there were missing pieces that I still do not recall. If of course the universe even happened. I also let Nancy read The Creature Of The Wildcard. All of my stuff got passed around in the group, and with the mental health professionals. People knew my issues, and my writing was my way of introducing myself. It was my way of finding those of the same or greater maturity.

Nancy decided at the time that I needed a mother, and she was willing to adopt me. They all become my mother in Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho*, but I agreed. She thought I was crazy when I told her I was a homosexual, but after Ann I was horrified. I found a second mother who was going to teach me how to survive the streets of Pawtucket. I

still remember names even though I am not an informant. Nancy had an alibi for everything, but I was going to be her right hand man. Besides, there was nothing illegal that went on, and we were all in the system with the mental health professionals.

Donnella said I had book smarts, but that made her laugh. If there was something going on I was not informed about those realities. People could see me writing a book. It was a tough town. In Rhode Island they called Pawtucket the bucket, and I was shocked to see so much homelessness when I was a recluse for nine years. I lived a sheltered life in North Providence, and this was a shock, especially on the bus to visit my aunt. But I wanted to get out and be a part of society. I wanted to get my sight back in Plato's Cave where I was once again the slave who was blinded by a supernatural experience.

Obama was being elected, and if I ever witnessed a new beginning for the Western World it was on the window of the bus where the revolution was truly taking place. Of course people were going to laugh at me, and I was going to have to judge the shadows in the worst of places. It was better than prison, or being homeless, but I could disappear on the bus and no one but Nancy was going to give a shit. I knew right away that she was the cougar, and I sought out those with the same, or greater maturity, than my own.

I spent time writing and getting to know people at the house. I also began visiting my Aunt Diane, and my Grandparents. Both of my Grandparents were dying, and it was the end of the greatest generation. While I was in the process of grieving I had to keep my days structured.

I had very full days. I went to Generations in North Providence, which was an adult day care program for the mentally disabled. Once again, I had to deal with religious people, and I was disgusted with religion. At first I started out with a bang. I brought my portfolio, and they had art classes there. There was a young man who was a graduate of Rhode Island School of Design that taught art classes. His name was Barkev. They were doing something with the mentally disabled that reminded me of the Degenerate Art Exhibition of the second world war. I liked him, but I had issues with the Rhode Island School Of Design that prevented me from truly getting to know him. I did take his class. I had a painting at my mother's house that I never finished. I wanted to complete my personal portfolio as a painter and move on to digital art. That was always my vision. While I was in his class I wanted to pick his brain, and find my direction as an artist who worked with independent studies. He told me that it is not a means to an end, but what else would I do if I did not create the end in a new beginning. I wanted to take off in wild directions, but he wanted me to paint things like *Yoda* and *Star Wars* as exercises. I wanted to know the future of art, and I saw digital art as the direction of the future. He told me that painting still had its place, but I found digital art to be crisp, clean, with brilliant colors that reminded me of the inner light of psychic energy.

I was a square peg in a round hole that did not fit in with his friends from college the way I fit in with the mentally challenged people at the house. I alienated myself at Generations, and I spent time playing pool while people busted me up about being a smoker and a joker. Or perhaps a clown without the same education that compared to the

Rhode Island School Of Design. I woke up with the song *Show Business* in my head every morning, and I had no business in show business even if I was more talented then Barkev. I did not have a practical education. I had an education that might intimidate people while Barkev was a humanitarian. Or so that was what he claimed when he let off steam about me showing off my portfolio and joking about Jesus people with quotes from Kurt Cobain. They were all happy to see me screw up when I alienated myself, but I had Nancy and the *Great Oz.*

My Grandmother died and I did not attend the funeral. But I came to find my Grandfather who was the only man who could stand the sight of me, and that was the way it always was in my family. I broke down and cried a river as I told him that I was sorry that I screwed up life. I did the heavy drugs when I could have had a traditional life with my family that was grounded in reality. My Grandfather was the man that I answered to for everything, and we told each other things the way they were. He was Creator Sun in a book about my Blackfoot Elders. Creator Sun comes down to earth in the form of a man in the same way a patient uses transference to believe a therapist takes the shape of God. Grandpa was the archetype of every wise old man, and I projected *Yoda* unto him. All his life he had watched me. Never my mind on where I was until I tried to look him the eye and say I was sorry that I lost my mind in T*he Empire Strikes Back*. *Star Wars* was so embedded in the psyche of my generation and my life story. I had almost turned to the *Dark Side of the Force.* What if I was my father in my failure in the cave? What I failed to confront the Jungian Shadow in my apprentice piece? And what if I was the failure that they always said I might be? If I could

not bear the Ring the way the rest of the men had to I might not become a man, but a boy who pretended.

I did not want to be Stevie who was my Uncle who died of cancer while people still laughed at him even in his death. His entire life was a failure. He had the mind of rude and ignorant child, but he might give you the shirt off of his back. In all reality he was useless to people, and society. I did not want to live with my mother the way Stevie never left home, and I had hoped to measure up in life. Grandpa lost his mind when Stevie died. The last time I cried an uncontrollable river like that was when Eddie died. My failures were that bad, and I knew it more than anyone else who tried to stick it to me. I wanted Grandpa to think I was worth more than just the shirt off of my back if that was all I had to offer. If I could make the computer an altar I was going to sacrifice everything. Grandpa and I never pulled punches or minced words. We both had piss and vinegar personalities that spoke the truth with our big mouths. Grandpa was a man of God, and he wanted me to act as if there is a God even if I can not know it through reason. There was no rest for the wicked. If there was a punishment for my sins, or my lack of faith, I was going to go through life not caring what happened to me. Even if the sun made me sneeze, everything was in its proper place, and it was all meant to be. I told him I would make him proud of me, and I went back into therapy.

In my first session all I did was talk about my education. Right before I left my therapist asked me when I graduated. The first thing I did was apply for financial aid. I decided to finish my formal education

and make my Grandfather proud to the best of my abilities. After all, I was working on an Associates In Fine Arts. It was a dreamy thing to do that did not build the bricks of reality that might pay my bills the way Uncle Louie networked Microsoft Servers. But one of the last things that my Grandfather suggested before he died was that I finish my formal education, and that was the only way I could do good in life.

In the meantime I found Fine Art America where I could create and sell my artwork online. Nancy let me have the creative world to myself when I lived at Donnella's. That became my way of dealing with the torment. I created an entire virtual world that became my masterpiece, and my confrontation with the Jungian Anima. I found the program DAZ Studio and Bryce, which became popular programs for rendering three dimensional worlds that are virtual.

"Let none be ignorant of geometry," was on the door to my visionary masterpiece which I based on the Winchester Mystery House. The house was owned by Sarah Winchester who kept adding extensions to the house, which had no particular ground plan. She was haunted, or tormented. Construction went on around the clock from 1884 to 1922 when she died. Either she was severely depressed, or she believed the house was haunted by people who fell victim to the Winchester rifle. This was her way of appeasing the spirits, or the ghosts that died by the hands of what her husband William Wirt Winchester had created as a weapon of war. The house was my idea for a virtual world that was haunted by Maya in the house of infinite recursion. It might keep me living forever.

Like the vision of Maya and the schematic of all possible worlds, the geometry of virtual worlds left me with endless possibilities. The many combinations in the geometry that I rendered where endless. The house of infinite recursion is a room made entirely of mirrors that see forever within the reflection of whatever object I placed inside it. I could create worlds unto themselves that I might dream about and evolve upon. But this all happened inside the box with my dreams being the only thoughts that escaped. I turned on the internet and I did not find a way out. Like the Winchester Mystery House I could create the house of infinite recursion for the remainder of my life. I could leave something for the world to ponder in the mystery of my own haunting where I saw myself in the mirrors of infinite recursion.

Unfortunately, I did not make connections with a group of artists. I did not seem to fit in with the Surrealists, or so I did not find other artists to hang out with online. I was entirely independent. When I first began creating online as a Surrealist with Flash I found self-made Surrealists such as James Sebor who welcomed me into a group of Surrealist and invited me to exhibitions. In seeing artists like him I wanted to be a self-made Surrealist as well. I wanted to be dependent on my own vision without joining a group of artists that might influence what I create with their criticism. I never found another group that might welcome me on Facebook or other social networks. There are groups within Fine Art America that accepted my art, but the social networking aspect of the creative process was a complete failure.

When I started taking classes again my Professor Mr Zellers suggested that I work with Magical Realism. He said that Surrealism was an old movement, and Magical Realism was the next logical step in the Surrealist movement. He suggested that I find a group where I could learn from other artist, but I was always the square peg in the round hole. I was a Schizotypal, and no matter what movement I was involved in I was too eccentric to belong with my peers. I did not know the lingo, and I did not know the language that other artists might walk and talk. I was a non verbal communicator with my right brain, and my thoughts were so eccentric I may as well dedicate my portfolio to my dog. If I wanted a friend in Washington I had the ghost of my dearly departed Golden Retriever. And perhaps I had more in common with the mentally challenged that I lived with. In all reality they might be my redeemers in the story of The Fisher King. They might be the people I was meant to serve. They might be the people I was meant to die for. As opposed to a woman who might only betray me with a kiss, or reject me with letters of rejection from all mankind as the arch enemy of mankind.

My work was not going to have any significance other than my own sense of creative accomplishment while I worked with the mentally challenged at the house. I wanted my education, and I wanted to be someone that they might admire. The house became a stepping stone. Nancy and Donnella had me do quite a bit of work helping people while I lived there. The mentally challenged, like Ricky, would follow me to the ends of the earth if that was where I took him. I became the helper,

and the goto person, in the buddy system. They lived in their own little world and they had no memory. They were just like me. I helped them in the same way a dad helps his sons. They became my best friends in *The Fellowship of The Ring* while I returned to college and spent my time in psychotherapy.

Everyday I also visited my aunt, and made sure that I saw the world through the window of the city bus. The world was not a healthy place. The world was a terrible place to live. The shit on the bus made me wonder what was so special out there that I might reach for something in reality. I went unknown as if I bore the ring in *The Lord of The Rings.* In all reality I did not want to be known, and I was happy serving the needs of the mentally challenged in a way that went unrecognized. I can't imagine wanting fame on the bus where people can read every waking thought that I have. I can't imagine writing a book and having someone read it on the bus while I am sitting next to them minding my own business. I only take the bus to commute, but to be invisible forever in revealing everything about myself to a complete stranger is bizarre indeed. People that I know make me paranoid even after years of knowing them, but on the bus all paranoid thinking is reality. The world is a paranoid reality where people will kill each other for a cigarette. The things you see out there, this animal of man, or woman beneath her beauty, it is all a madhouse. It is as if the entire world is a prison, and we should wake everyone up with Judge Judy in the morning. People always want to punish people with an identity like the Elephant man, and we are all animals who want to be human. It is all a journey into the Dark Ages of civilization where mankind never wakes

with the technology that advances far beyond our own understanding.

With all the changes in reality that we know with the computer we never change our minds to keep up with what we create. We create a monster, and we are the frightened Doctor Frankenstein that does not know why our monster wakes us with an alarm clock in the morning. I woke on the bus. That is where the revolution was happening with the Obama administration. That was the way I returned to school as Obama might emphasize the importance of an education. With Obama in office I took an education seriously. Finishing college was a serious goal that made a difference in life. The people that I wanted to know applauded me for reading a book on the bus. The library was only a couple of streets down from Donnella's. I would walk there in my slippers and spend time in the computer room. I had books from my old apartment. There were books by Carl Jung about Synchronicity and The Archetypes Of The Collective Unconscious that mental health professionals suggested that I read. When I started collage again my professor Mr Zellers suggested that I read The Red Book, which had all kinds of crazy thoughts. If anything, I wanted my own crazy thoughts in my own book.

The Community College Of Rhode Island was very different than it was in the nineties when I first started going there. Everyone was online with their notebooks, and the majority of the classes were made of women. I felt like a minority. I took art seminar, three-dimensional design, writing, music, and a theater elective. I finished all of my classes, and I passed with flying colors. We had exhibitions with our artwork on display in student shows, and I invited my family. I went to

the student show with my therapist, but I did not stay long. I did not like being up in front of people. I wanted my art to speak for itself, but I did not want to have to speak for my art. I never enjoyed social settings, and I hated the critiques in three dimensional design. I was always humiliated when I tried to talk about my art. I had the right brain of an Einstein, but I had the oral vocabulary of a mentally challenged individual. I could not explain myself to people unless I was Jeremy who had spoken in Pearl Jam song. I was never a verbal person who had much to say unless I spoke what was deep down inside my soul buried in years of silence.

I ended up doing public speaking in my art seminar class. Mr Zellers threw in something special at the end of the semester as our last project. He wanted to know if we had currents of our own going through our head, and he wanted to see our sources of inspiration in a power-point presentation. I hated public speaking, and I had a shaky voice. I hated standing there and standing up for my shit if it was stand up comedy that was going to bomb. I was not afraid to die a brutal death, but put me in front of people and expect to say something and I was at a loss for words. Mr Zellers threw the project in there just for me because he knew I did not like to be up in front of people. I went last, and I dug deep down inside myself with my digital multimedia presentation about dreams, visions, and ultimate Reality. I did it in a way that frightened the other students like I was Doctor Frankenstein with my digital art. As if the simplest surrealist act of Andre Breton was a dangerous idea that I was trying to incorporate into the educational system. I had a scientific breakthrough with my dog in the astral world.

People just starred at me while I talked about my mental illness, art, my education, and my visionary world.

Afterwords Mr Zellers thanked me for telling the class. He said I was perfect. I told the class the truth about myself. Mr Zellers was the type of teacher who encouraged people to bring dangerous ideas into a classroom and teach people how to use them properly. Being someone who never spoke, I was Jeremy who had spoken after years of silence, and it caught them off guard. I got an A, and not only did Mr Zellers get a kick out of it, he came to love my digital art. He was an artist who said to watch for people who do art that is not typical of their personality type. They are artist who are not honest with themselves, but I got honest with myself, and the class. I did not make any friends, but I told them the truth about myself. I was the Peter Cushing fan. I was the gentle man of horror. My dog was my best friend. The words came out of me clear as day, and I had a digital sun buried beneath years of silence in the educational system. I brought ultimate reality into a classroom and I was Mozart the Ripper of all reality.

I had one more class to take to graduate, but Donnella's Manor was not going to last. I did not know if I might be homeless. We all took cuts in our Supplemental Security Income. That was our rent, and that was how Nancy paid the mortgage on the house. We had no alternative but to find new housing, and that was the home of people who were mentally challenged. They were people who were never going to survive without the aid of the government, and the state of Rhode Island could care less.

There was a meeting at the Pawtucket Town Hall, and that was the only chance we had of voicing our frustrations with the governor of Rhode Island. Lincoln Chafee did not care about the little people. We were all dead weight that did not contribute to a hurting economy, and assisted livings were shutting down all over Rhode Island. Nancy had a couple of us go to Town Hall to speak our mind. I did my part, and I spoke my story for the sake of the others. I did not care what they thought of me or what might happen to me if I ended up on the street. The others had no chance of survival, and it truly did not matter if I was found homeless. I had no one but Nancy, and she was the boss. Our voices were heard, but nothing was done. The Bill that cut the Supplemental Security Income was already signed into law.

The house closed down, but Nancy was not going to let us end up homeless. She had places for all of us to go in the event of a disaster. I ended up being transferred to Summer Villa in Coventry with a couple of the guys from the house who were mentally challenged. The group was disbanded, and the friendships I made with people at Donnella's did not survive the test of time when I moved. I left my therapist and the mental health professionals that I knew in Pawtucket. My mother said she would have a place for me, but that was a step backwards. Living with my mother is not what I always imagined a young man should be doing. Summer Villa was in the country, which was so much better than the streets of Pawtucket. Unfortunately it seemed like an old folks home, and I did not want to live the rest my days with the elderly woman. I did not want to live the rest of my days with women period,

but as it was becoming, woman were taking over the world. Women were the people I found myself answering to as they infiltrated the workforce and took over mankind. They had Hilary in 2016. My penis made me inherently evil if I had Viagra and I was up to the challenge. But who on earth would I meet but the staff at Summer Villa who thought they were God's gift to men when I was Mozart.

I finished my Associates In Fine Arts at Summer Villa. The last class I took was Introduction to Music online. I got an A and I graduated with honors. I did not go to my graduation. I hated being around a large audience of people. My senses are always assaulted and overwhelmed by too many people. I did not think it was necessary to graduate in a cap and gown to simply make my father happy. Especially when I consider the fact that I walked away from college without a friend in the world. I did not make a single connection. Perhaps the only thing I have to show from college is this book that I first began writing in my English class with my professor Robyn Younkin. I saved the work and told her I might publish later in life. I started writing this in 2011, and she told me not to forget her. I put it down for three years before I began working on it again in February of 2014 right after I turned forty. My father told me that life does not truly begin until you reach forty.

As Carl Jung Analyzed the story of The Fisher King the hideous damsel appears to a man at a time in his life when he is most successful, which is around the age of forty. She reads off a list of all of his failures in front of an audience. But a man is supposed to consciously evolve upon the hideous damsel and not project her onto a real life women.

He is supposed to evolve upon his failures, including his failure to ask whom the grail serves when he is in the grail castle. Living in assisted livings and creating a house of infinite recursion that I based on the Winchester Mystery House was like living in my own grail castle. I came to ask whom I serve, or whether I am living in the vain of my own mirror in a room full of mirrors. I had no one special to dedicate my portfolio to. I photographed a homeless man, and all the sales went to the Rhode Coalition for the Homeless. I had no one special in my life that cared about my art, and I identified with the homeless man who was a complete unknown. My mother does not count, and I did not want a relationship with my mother.

I have no one to dedicate my book to, but the memory of my old English Professor. She thought I was very special because I was creative, intelligent and insightful. She even Googled me and took an interest in my art. She said my art was genius, and she loved Surrealism. She loved my Surreal metaphors, but she said they worked against me. Before I took her class I wrote everything in metaphors which made my writing difficult to understand.

Even if I did not go to the graduation I had that piece of paper that might make my Grandfather proud. I went to college but I did not get employment. If anything it gave me a structure in which I could think, but it did not give me the material wealth that I might find if I networked Microsoft Servers as an IBM guy. I did not get a degree in computer science. The only artificial intelligence that I can program is my own inner voice in the questions that I ask of myself in a series of

unanswered questions. A door might appear like an anomaly at any given moment in the house of infinite recursion.

That is when I came upon murder at Summer Villa while I based my life on The Winchester Mystery House. Joe Costa was a new tenant who was quiet and kept to himself. He never bothered anyone, and he would give people a cigarette if he had one. Domenic Petrarca was an Italian tough guy who was nasty in appearance and he had a bad attitude. It was all caught on surveillance. There were camera's everywhere at Summer Villa. I had just woken up when I found Joe in the smoking area outside at around 2:00 am. He had one of the chairs on top of him from outside and his face was covered with blood. I did not assume he was murdered, but it looked like a homicide. I ran inside and told one of the staff that someone was down. I did not know if he was dead, but he did not look like he was breathing. The staff had me dial 911. The police and the emergency unit arrived, but they could not revive him. I was questioned, and people fell down all the time there. I did not assume anything, but it looked like he was beaten. An investigation went on, and Domenic was missing from the house. No one told me anything, and I lived in my own imagination as I created online. I was working on my artistic vision in virtual reality. I was working on The Winchester Mystery House when Domenic was arrested for the brutal murder. No one saw it coming, and no one knows why he brutally beat Joe to death other than being mentally deranged. I found out from my mother that she worked with Domenic's sister in law. Apparently he did time in Italy for killing his aunt for whatever reason.

Does it have to make sense, or does it just happen over a cigarette? Why are men so stupid like neanderthals that have gone extinct? For all I know, I could have been the one who was brutally murdered if I woke up and had a cigarette in Joe's place. It was a senseless killing, and it makes me wonder if there is any meaning in life whatsoever. Life may simply be absurd and whatever we make it mean. What kind of world would we have if we did not have meaning in our life? Life must mean something, or we must make life mean something, for the sake of having a meaningful society where life is worth more than a cigarette. The War of the Worlds will start over something stupid like eye contact. Something innocent, such as eye contact, has become the worst mistake people can make in society. It leads to apocalyptic revelations with the Mafia of all mankind in the Collective Unconscious of a global conspiracy. A drop of water in the ocean of the space time continuum. It creates a ripple in everyone's life in all possible worlds, real or imagined.

As I was working on my creative vision in The Winchester Mystery House there was a brutal murder that made no sense in the life story of anyone, but it created a ripple in what I might imagine. It served to interrupt my life story, and Summer Villa was not the place to be. It was more like the junkyard of useless people where I might be made useless when I just graduated college. I thought this type of shit only happened in prison, and I had to get out of there. I thought it might be a nice place to live because it was in the country and things were quiet. It seemed like a nice place to create and work on creative

accomplishment where I might be safe. I was the type of person who wanted to mind my own business and concentrate on my art, but my life story got interrupted. If I truly wanted to be safe in this world I needed a bomb shelter, or at least a library. My mother always taught me not to kill, and life was like a box of chocolates. I might think it, but I know the difference between thoughts and actions. They call me the gentle man of horror.

Soon after my Grandfather died. I attended the wake, but I did not attend the funeral after seeing my family. I was not even asked to be part of the funeral precession when my brothers and my cousins were asked to be part of it. I was left out of the family, and I came to be disgusted by them as I got older. I took the bus to the wake, while my family did not give me a ride. They all rode in limos to and from the funeral while I was on the bus with the real revolution that was taking place in the Obama administration. They all had their houses and their cars. I had the assisted living at Summer Villa with the Winchester Mystery House. I had the house of infinite recursion and a home in my head while my family had their wonderful life that did not include me. I spent time mowing my father's lawn in Charlestown while him and my stepmother enjoyed the paradise of their property. I had no property. I had intellectual property with money to buy coffee.

As the years went by I only became disgusted by my family whom I wanted to divorce entirely. I moved into independent living at a place called Rouse house with a man named Edward Rouse. He grew up in the house and his parents willed it to him after they passed away. I

began to settle down with Edward who is mentally disabled. I decided to spend the rest of my days looking after him in permanent housing, but then again, the sky may fall. After my Grandfather passed away I no longer had any connection to my family. He was the only person that I felt that I had to answer to, and the rest of my family never wanted me to begin with. They always made me feel that they were doing me a favor by being my family, but now I don't know them. Like strangers that I never knew, and The Sun Came Down by Percy Bullchild. I had an allergic reaction to reality. Life was a Surrealization.